

6
LOVE makes a MAN:

OR,

The FOP's Fortune.

A

COMEDY.

By C. CIBBER.

Interdum tollit Comædia Vocem.

Hor.



DUBLIN:

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PROLOGUE.

SINCE Plays are but a Kind of publick Feasts,
Where Tickets only make the welcome Guests ;
Methinks, instead of Grace, we should prepare
Your Tastes in Prologue, with your Bill of Fare.
When you foreknow each Course, tho' this may tease you,
Tis five to one, but one o'th' five may please you.
First, for you Criticks we've your darling Cbear,
Faults without Number, more than Sense can bear ;
Your certain to be pleas'd where Errors are. }
From your Displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe ;
You never frown but where your Neighbours laugh.
Now, you that never know, what Spleen or Hate is, }
Who for an Act or two, are welcome gratis,
That tip the Wink, and so sneak out with nunquam satis. }
For you're smart Tastes, we've toss'd you up a Fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up ;
The Fool, Beau, Wit, and Rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a Ragou, piping hot from Paris.
But for the softer Sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the Fair and Chaste were form'd for, Love ;
An artless Passion, fraught with Hopes and Fears, }
And nearest happy, when it most despairs, }
For Masks, we've scandal, and for Beaus French Airs. }
To please all Tastes, we'll do the best we can ;
For the Galleries, we've Dicky and Will. Penkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your Fare ; }
But pray, in Charity, the Founder spare, }
Lest you destroy at once the Poet and the Player.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Antonio,</i> and <i>Charino.</i>	}	Old Gentlemen,	{	<i>Mr. Bullock.</i> <i>Mr. Cross.</i>
<i>Don Lewis,</i>	{	Uncle and near Friend to <i>Carlos,</i>	}	<i>Mr. Penkethman.</i>
<i>Carlos,</i> A Student, <i>Clodio,</i> a pert Coxcomb,	}	Sons to <i>Antonio,</i>	{	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i> <i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Sancho,</i> Servant to <i>Carlos,</i>				<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Monsieur,</i> Valet to <i>Clodio,</i>				
Governor of <i>Lisbon,</i>				<i>Mr. Simpson.</i>
<i>Don Duart,</i> his Nephew,				<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Don Manuel,</i>	{	A Sea-Officer, in Love with <i>Louisa.</i>	}	<i>M. Toms.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Angelina,</i> Daughter to <i>Charino,</i>	<i>Mrs. Temple,</i>
<i>Louisa,</i>	{ A Lady of Quality, and Pleasure, } <i>Mrs. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Elvira,</i> Sister to <i>Don Duart,</i>	<i>Mrs. Knight.</i>
<i>Henoria,</i> Cousin to <i>Louisa,</i>	<i>Mrs. Moor.</i>

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

L O V E



LOVE makes a MAN:

O R,

The FOP's Fortune.

A C T I.

The SCENE, an HALL.

Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant.  ITHOUT Compliment, my old Friend, I shall think my self much honour'd in your Alliance; our Families are both antient, our Children young, and able to support 'em, and, I think, the sooner we set 'em to work the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same Line of Honour; and, I hope, since I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me a troublesome old Fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her Worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake Hands, a Word or two by the Bye, for I have some considerable Questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cba. Well, in the first Place, you say you have two Sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cba. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my Daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cba. My Daughter *Angelina*?

Ant. *Angelina*.

Cba. And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my Allowance) take to her lawful Husband, which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cba. And you farther promise, that the Person by her (and me) so chosen, (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole Heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional Possession of at least three Parts of your Estate. You know the Conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cba. Why then, as the last Token of my full Consent and Approbation, I give you my Hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cba. It's a Match?

Ant. A Match.

Cba. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cba. And done! ——— that's enough. ———
Carlos, the elder, you say, is a great Scholar, spends his whole Life in the University, and loves his Study.

Ant. Nothing more, Sir.

Cba. But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the World, and is very well known in the Court of *France*; a sprightly Fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the Back, Sir.

Cba. Well how far either of 'em may go with my Daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd where I am — I have given her some Documents already. Hark! what Noise without?

Ant. Odso! 'tis they — they're come — I have expected 'em these two Hours.

Enter a Servant.

Well, Sirrah, who's without?

Serv.

Serv. 'Tis *Sancho*, Sir, with a Waggon Load of my Master's Books.

Ant. Never without it, Sir, 'tis his Humour.

Cba. What, does he always travel with his whole Study?

Enter Sancho laden with Books.

San. *Pedro*, unload Part of the Library; bid the Porter open the great Gates, and make Room for t'other Dozen of Carts: I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Hah! *Sancho*! where's my *Carlos*? speak Boy, where didst thou leave thy Master?

San. Jogging on, Sir, in the Highway to Knowledge, both Hands employ'd, his Book, and his Bridle, Sir. But he hath sent his Duty before him in this Letter, Sir.

Ant. What have we here, *Pot-books* and *Andirons*?

San. *Pot-books*! Oh! dear Sir!— I beg your Pardon —No, Sir, this is *Arabick*; 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the Translation, Sir, of human Bodies — a new Way of getting out of the World. There's a terrible wise Man * has written a very smart Book of it.

Cba. Pray, Friend, what will that same Book teach a Man?

San. Teach you, Sir; why, to play a Trump upon Death, and shew yourself a Match for the Devil.

Cba. Strange!

San. Here, Sir, this is your Letter. (To *Ant.*)

Cba. Pray Sir, what sort of Life may your Master lead?

San. Life, Sir! no Prince fares like him; he breaks his Fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, sups with *Seneca*, then walks a Turn or two in the milky Way, and after six Hours Conference with the Stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cba. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here presently ——— Here, take the Knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, Sir?

Ant. And drink too, Sir. ——— and pray see your Master's Chamber ready. *(Knocking again.)*

Enter a Servant.

Well, Sir! who's at the Gate?

Serv. Monsieur, Sir, from my young Master Clodio.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well, Monsieur, What says your Master? When will he be here?

Monf. Sire, he vil be herē in de lefs Time dan vom Quarter of de Hour; he is not q'uite t'irty Mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Monf. Sire, me come to providé de Pulvilè, and de as-faunce for his Peruquè, dat he may approachè to your Vorphipè vid de Reverauncè, and de belle Air.

Ant. What, is he unprovided then?

Monf. Sire he vas Enragè, and did brakè his Bottel d'Orangerie, becaufe it vas no de same dat is preparè for *Monseigneur le Dauphin.*

Ant. Well, Sir, if you'll go to the Butler, he'll ——— help you to some Oil and Vinegar for his Perriwig.

Monf. Sire, me tank you. *(Exit Monsieur.)*

Cha. A very noble Spark this Clodio. Ha! what trampling of Horses is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young Masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, Sir, now! now observe their several Dispositions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, Carlos, and now pray know this Gentleman, Charino, Sir, my old Friend, and one in whom you may have a particular Interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his Love, Sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that Matter, you need not study at all.

(They salute.)

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *La Valiere!* bid the Groom take care our Hunters be well rub'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and have out stript the Wind.

Cha. Aye, marry Sir, there's Mettle in this young Fellow.

Clo.

Clo. Where's my Father?

Ant. Hah, my dear *Clody*, thou'r welcome! let me kifs thee.

Clo. Sir, ——— you kifs pleasingly ——— I love to kifs a Man, in *Paris* we kifs nothing else. Sir, being my Father's Friend, I am your most oblig'd, and faithful humble Servant. (To *Char.*)

Cha. Sir, — I — I — I — I like you. (Eagerly.)

Clo. Thy Hand ——— (kifs) ——— I'm your Friend.

Cha. Faith thou art a pretty humour'd Fellow.]

Clo. Who's that? Pray, Sir, who's that?

Ant. Your Brother, *Carlos*.

Clo. Odsso! I beg his Pardon with all my Heart —
Ha, ha, ha, did ever Mortal see such a Book-Worm?
—— Brother, how is't?

Carelessly.

Car. I'm glad you are well, Brother. (Reads.)

Clo. What, does he draw his Book upon me? then.
I will draw my Wit upon him ——— Gad I'll puzzle him ——— Hark you, Brother, pray what's — what's *Latin* for a Sword-Knot?

Car. The *Romans* wore none, Brother.

Clo. No Ornament upon their Swords, Sir?

Car. O yes, several, Conquest, Peace, and Honour
—— an old unfashionable Wear.

Clo. Sir, no Man in *France* (I may as well say breathing; for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more fashionable Sword than I do; she cost me fifteen Louis ——— dior's in *Paris* ——— There, Sir ——— feel him, ——— try him, Sir.

Car. I have no Skill, Sir.

Clo. No Skill, Sir! why, this Sword would make a Coward fight ——— aha! fa, fa! ha! Rip ——— ha! there I had him. (Fencing.)

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my Cloaths, Brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha, ——— no, no, they are cut already, Brother, to the *Grammar-Rules* exactly: P'shaw, prithee Man leave off this College-Air

Car. No Brother, I think it wholesome, the Soil and Situation pleasant.

Clo. A Putt, by *Jupiter*! he don't know the Air of a Gentleman, from the Air of a Country: ——— Sir, I mean the Air of your Cloaths, I would have you change your Taylor, and dress a little more *en Cavalier*: Lay by your Book, and take out your Snuff-Box.; Cock, and look smart, hah!

Cha. Faith a pretty Fellow!

Car. I read no use in this Brother; and for my Cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seem to me superfluous: What need I outward Ornaments when I can deck my self with Understanding? Why shou'd we care for any Thing, but Knowledge? Or look upon the Follies of Mankind, but to condemn or pity those that seek 'em?

(*Reads again.*)

Clo. Stark mad! split me.

Cha. P'shaw this Fellow will never do ——— he has no Soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, Brother, what do you think of a pretty plump Wench now?

Car. I seldom think that Way; Women are Books I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I cou'd set you a sweet Lesson, Brother.

Car. I am as well here, Sir (Reads.)

Cha. Good for no earthly Thing; a mere Stock! Ah, that Clody?

Enter Monsieur.

Mon. Sire, here be de several fortè of the Jassiminé d'Orangerié vidout, if you please to make your choice.

Clo. Mum, Sir, I must beg Pardon for a Moment; a most important Business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all imaginable Celerity, and return to the Repetition of my Desire to continue, Sir, your most oblig'd and faithful humble Servant.

(*Exit Clody bowing.*)

Cha. Faith, he's a pretty Fellow.

Ant. Now, Sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little Purpose, I am afraid: But use your Pleasure, Sir.

Car. Plato differs from Socrates in this. (*To himself.*)

Ant.

Ant. Come, come, prithee *Charles*, lay 'em by let 'em agree at Leisure. What, no Hour of Interruption?

Car. Man's Life Sir, being so short, and then the Way that leads us to the Knowledge of our selves, so hard and tedious, each Minute should be precious.

Ant. Aye, but to thrive in this World, *Charles*, you must part a little with this Bookish Contemplation, and prepare yourself for Action. If you will study, let it be to know what Part of my Land's fit for the Plough, what for Pasture, to buy and sell my Stock to the best Advantage, and cure my Cattle when they are overgrown with Labour. This now wou'd turn to some Account.

Car. This, Sir, may be done from what I've read: For what concerns Tillage, who better can deliver it, than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*? And, for the Cure of Herds, his *Beucolicks* are a Master piece; but when his Art describes the Commonwealth of *Bees*, their Industry, their more than human Knowledge of the Herbs from which they gather Honey, their Laws, their Government among themselves, their Order in going forth, and coming laden Home, their strict Obedience to their King, his just Rewards to such as Labour, his Punishment inflicted only on the slothful Drone. I'm ravish'd with it, then reap indeed my Harvest, receive the Gain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges*! and *Blue-sicks*, and *Bees-wax*! What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, Sir, the Knowledge of this, guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your musty Manuscripts, what Pleasure he enjoys, that lies in the Arms of a young, rich, well snap'd, healthy Bride? Answer me that, ha, Sir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story, there I read of all Kinds of virtuous, and of vicious Women; the ancient *Spartan Dames*, the *Roman Ladies*, their Beauties, and their Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever blooming Truth and
Virtue

Virtue, with such a Feeling I peruse their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd and tasted of their lawful envy'd Love: But when I meet a *Messalina*, tir'd and unfated in her foul Desires, a *Clytemnestra* bath'd in her Husband's Blood, an impious *Tullia* whirling her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Body, Horror invades my Faculties; comparing then the numerous Guilty, with the easy Count of those that die in Innocence, I detest and loath 'em as Ignorance, or Atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then to make Payment of the Debt you owe me?

Car. What Debt, good Sir?

Ant. Why, the Debt I paid my Father, when I got you, Sir, and made him a Grandfire; which I expect from you, I won't have my Name die.

Car. Nor would I; my labour'd Studies, Sir, may prove in Time a living Issue.

Ant. Very well, Sir; and so I shall have a general Collection of all the Quiddits from *Adam*, 'till this Time, to be my Grand-child!

Car. I'll take my best Care, Sir, that what I leave, mayn't shame the Family.

Cha. A sad Fellow this! This is a very sad Fellow.
(*Aside.*)

Ant. Nor you won't take Care of my Estate?

Car. But in my Wishes, Sir: For know the Wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long since born her Pride too high, to stoop to any Prey that soars not upwards: Sordid and dunghill Minds, compos'd of Earth, fix in that gross Element their Happiness; but great and purer Spirits shaking that Clog of human Frailty off, become refin'd; and free as the Ætherial Air.

Ant. So that in short you wou'd not marry an Empress!

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myself; the Closet that contains my chosen Books, to me's a glorious Court; my venerable Companions there, the old Sages and Philosophers, sometimes the greatest Kings and Heroes, whose Counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their Victories, if unjustly got, unto a strict Account, and in my Fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd Statues. Can I then
part

part with solid constant Pleasures, to clasp uncertain Vanities? No, Sir, be it your Care to swell your Heap of Wealth, marry my Brother, and let him get you Bodies of our Name; I rather wou'd inform it with a Soul——I tire you, Sir——your Pardon, and your Leave——Lights there for my Study. (*Exit Carlos.*)

Ant. Was ever Man thus transported from the common Sense of his own Happiness; a stupid wise Rogue, I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my Hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my Name were at a Period.

Cho. Aye, aye, he's the Match for my Money, and my Girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, Sir, shall we tell 'em a Piece of our Mind, and turn 'em together instantly?

Ant. This Minute, Sir, and here comes my young Rogue in the very Nick of his Fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Ant. *Clodio*, a Word!

Clo. To the Wife is enough: Your Pleasure, Sir.

Ant. In the mean Time, Sir, if you please to send your Daughter Notice of our intended Visit. (*To Cho.*)

Cho. I'll do't—hark you, Friend. (*Whispers a Servant.*)

Enter Sancho behind.

San. I doubt my Master has found but rough Welcome! He's gone Supperless into his Study, I'd fain known the Reason—It may be some Body has borrow'd one of his Books, or so—I must find him out.

(*Stands aside.*)

Clo. Sir, you cou'd not have started any Thing more agreeable to my Inclination; and for the young Lady, Sir, if this old Gentleman will please to give me a Sight of her, you shall see me whip into her in the cutting of a Caper.

Cho. Well! pursue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, Sir, my Girl has Wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a Smart Way, Sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of Courage; I fear no Woman alive, Sir, having always found, Sir, that Love and Assurance ought to be as inseperable Companions, as a Beau and a Snuff-Box, or a Curate and a Tobacco-stopper.

Cho.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pleasant Rogue, I Gad she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the Ladies, Sir — In *Paris* I had constantly two Challenges every morning came up with my Chocolate, only for being pleasant Company the Night before with the first Ladies of Quality.

Cha. Ah, silly envious Rogues! Prithee, what did you do to their Ladies?

San. Positively nothing. (*Aside*)

Clo. Why, the Truth is, I did make the Jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor Dogs the *Princes* could not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really convers'd with the *Royal Family*.

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Aye, rot 'em, Aye! Aye! — You must know some of 'em came with me half a Day's Journey, to see me a little on my Way hither: But I Gad, I sent young *Louis* back again to *Marli*, as drunk as a Tinker, by *Jove*! Ha! ha! ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* grow'd at him next Morning.

Cha. God a Mercy Boy! Well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their Ladies too!

San. Just alike, I dare answer for him. (*Aside*)

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge — let me see! there was, I and *Monsieur* — no! no! no! *Monsieur* did not sup with us — There was I, and Prince *Grandmont*, Duke de *Bongrace*, Duke de *Bellegarde* — (*Bellegarde* — yes — yes, Jack was there!) *Count de l'Esprit*, *Mareschal Bombarde*, and that pleasant Dog the Prince de *Hautenbas*. We six now were all at Supper, all in good Humour, *Champaign* was the Word, and Wit flew about the Room like a Pack of losing Cards — Now, Sir, in *Madam's* adjacent Lodgings, there happen'd to be the same number of Ladies, after the fatigue of a Ballet, diverting themselves with *Ratifa*, and the Spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk, tho' it were scandalously ev'n of their best Friends: So, Sir, after a profound Silence, at last one of 'em gap'd — O God! says she, wou'd that pleasant Dog *Clody* were here to *Badiner* a little — Hey, says
a le-

a second, and stretch'd. Ah, *Mon Dieu* ! says a third —and wak'd—Cou'd not one find him says a fourth —and leer'd—O ! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty Rakes of the *Blood* again—in a Pett—Did you so, says a sixth—— *Pardie* ! we'll spoil that Gang presently—in a Passion. Where-upon, Sir, in two Minutes, I receiv'd a Billet in four Words—*Chien Nous vous Demandons* : Subscrib'd, *Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegarde, L'Esprit, Bombarde, Hautenbas.*

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the Princes you supp'd with?

Clo. Every Soul of 'em. the individual Wife or Sister of every Man in the Company ! Split me ! *Ha ! ha !*

Cha. And *Ant.* *Ha ! ha ! ha !*

San. Did ever two old Gudgeons swallow so greedily ?
(*Aside.*)

Ant. Well ! and didst thou make a Night on't, Boy ?

Clo. Yes, I Gad ! and a Morning too, Sir ; for about eight a Clock the next Day slap they all fous'd upon their Knees, kiss'd round, burnt their Commodores, drank my Health, broke their Glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad 'a Mercy, *Clody* ! Nay, 'twas always a wild young Rogue !

Cha. I like him the better for't—he's a pleasant one, I'm sure.

Ant. Well ! the Rogue gives him a rare Account of his Travels.

Clo. I Gad, Sir, I have a Cure for the Spleen ; A ha ! I know how to riggle my self into a Lady's Favours—give me Leave when you please, Sir.

Cha. Sir you shall have it this moment——Faith I like him——You remember the Conditions, Sir ; three Parts of your Estate to him and his Heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all ; 'tis not a Trifle shall part 'em : You see *Charles* has given over the World ; I'll undertake to buy his Birth Right for a Shelf of new Books.

Cha. Aye ! aye ! get you the Writings ready, with your other Son's Hand to 'em , for unless he signs, the Conveyance is of no Validity.

Ant.

Ant. I know it, Sir,—they shall be ready with his Hand in two Hours.

Cha. Why then, come along, my Lad, and now I'll shew thee to my Daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, Sir,—*Allon's!* Hey, *Suivons, L'Amour.* (Sings) (Exeunt.

San. How! my poor Master to be disinherited, for *Monfieur*, Sa! sa! there, and I a Looker on too! If we have study'd our *Majors* and our *Minors*, *Antecedents* and *Consequents*, to be concluded Coxcombs at last, we have made a fair Hand on't; I am glad I know of this Roguery, however; I'll take Care my Master's Uncle, old *Don Lewis*, shall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a Proclamation, yet he dotes upon his Learning; and if he be that old rough testy Blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a Rubbers with 'em first ——— Here he comes *perfecto*.

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lew. *Sancho!* where's my Boy *Charles?* What, is he at it? Is he at it? ——— Deep——deep. I warrant him — *Sancho!* A little Peep now--one Peep at him thro' the Key-hole—I must have a Peep.

San. Have a Care, Sir, he's upon a magical Point.

D. Lew. What, has he lost any Thing?

San. Yes, Sir, he has lost with a Vengeance.

D. Lew. But what, what, what, what, Sirrah! What is't?

San. Why, his Birth-Right, Sir, he is di—di—dis—disinherited. (Sobbing.

D. Lew. Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what dost thou mean?

San. His Brother, Sir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great Heiress, to enjoy three Parts of his Father's Estate; and my Master is to have a whole Acre of new Books, for setting his Hand to the Conveyance.

D. Lew. This must be a Lie, Sirrah, I will have it a Lie

San. With all my Heart, Sir; but here comes my old Master, and that Pick-pocket the Lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter

Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, Sir, this Paper has your full Instructions: Pray be speedy, Sir, I don't know but we may couple 'em to Morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his Hand, Sir, I defy the Law to give him Title again. *(Exit.)*

San. What think you now, Sir?

D. Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd—this is right—I'm pleas'd—must cut that Lawyer's Throat, tho'—must bone him—ay! I'll have him bon'd—and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. Lew. O mighty well—mighty well—let's feel your Pulse—Feverish. *[Looks earnestly in Antonio's Face, and after some Pause, whistles a Piece of a Tune.]*

Ant. You are merry, Brother.

D. Lew. It's a Lie.

Ant. How, Brother?

D. Lew. A damn'd Lie—I'm not merry. *(Smiling.)*

Ant. What are you then?

D. Lew. Very angry. *(Laughing.)*

Ant. Hi! hi! hi! at what, Brother? *(Mimicking him.)*

D. Lew. Why, at a very wise Settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What Settlement, good Brother? I find he has heard of it. *(Aside.)*

D. Lew. What do you think I have done?—I have—this deep Head of mine has—disinherited my elder Son, because his Understanding's an Honour to my Family; and given it all to my younger, because he's a Puppy! a Puppy.

Ant. Come, I guess your meaning, Brother.

D. Lew. Do you so, Sir? Why then, I must tell you flat and plain, my Boy Charles must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless Charles had a Soul to value his Fortune: What! he should manage eight thousand Crowns a Year out of the *Metaphysics*! *Astronomy* should look to my Vineyards! *Horace* should buy off my Wines! *Tragedy* should kill my Mutton! *History* should cut down my Hay! *Homer* should get in my Corn! *Ti-*
tere

tere tu Patulæ look to my Sheep! and *Geometry* bring my Harvest Home!—Hark you, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

D. Lew. What if I don't, Sir? I believe it's a fine Thing, and that's enough—Tho' I can't speak no *Greek*, I love and honour the Sound of it, and *Charles* speaks it loftily; I Gad, he thunders it out, Sir; and, let me tell you, Sir, if you had ever had the Grace to have heard but fix Lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the *Greek* Poets, ods Heart! it would have made your Hair stand an end; Sir, he has read such Things in my Hearing—

Ant. But did you understand 'em, Brother?

D. Lew. I tell you no. What does that signify? The very Sound's a sufficient Comfort to an honest Man.

Ant. Fye! fye! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

D. Lew. Should, Sir! Yes, and do, Sir: Sir, I'd have you to know I have study'd, I have run over *History*, *Poetry*, *Philosophy*.

Ant. Yes, like a Cat over a *Harpssicord*, rare Musick—you have read Catalogues I believe. Come, come, Brother, my younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

D. Lew. A sad Dog—I'll buy a prettier Fellow in a Penny-worth of Ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, Sir, say you your Pleasure—Here comes one I must talk with—Well, Brother, what News?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our Wishes, Sir; *Clody's* a right Bait for a Girl, Sir; a budding, sprightly, Fellow: She's a little shy at first; but I gave him his Cue, and the Rogue does so whisk, and frisk, and sing, and dance her about, Odsbub! he plays like a Greyhound. Noble *Dou Lewis*, I am your humble Servant: Come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your Estate upon young *Clody*?

D. Lew. *Clody*?

Cha. Aye, your Nephew, *Clody*.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha.

Cha. Aye.

D. Lew. Why, look you, I han't much to spare; but I have an admirable Horse-Pond—I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

Ant. Come, let him have his Way, Sir, he's old and hasty; my Estate's sufficient. How does your Daughter, Sir?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, Sir, like a blushing Rose, she only waits for pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to Morrow be the Day.

Cha. With all my Heart; get you the Writings ready, my Girl shall be here in the Morning

D. Lew. Hark you, Sir, do you suppose my *Charles* shall—

Cha. Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your Brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, Sir, and so good Morrow to your Patience, Brother. (*Exeunt.*)

D. Lew. *Sancho!*

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Fetch me some Gun powder—quick—quick.

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some Gun-powder, I say,—a Barrel—quickly—and d'ye hear, three Penny-worth of Ratf-bane!—Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poyson the other.

San. Come, Sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my Advice, (I don't want Wit at a Pinch, Sir) e'en let me try if I can fire my Master enough with the Praises of the young Lady, to make him rival his Brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, Sir.

D. Lew. Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any Woman in his Life, but his Bed maker.

San. So much the better, Sir; therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the Road—Hark, he rings—I must wait upon him. (*Exit.*)

D. Lew. These damn'd old Rogues?—I can't look my poor Boy in the Face: But come, *Charles*, let 'em go on, thou shall not want Money to buy thee Books yet—That old Fool thy Father, and this young Puppy, shall not share a Groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague

20 LOVE makes a MAN; or,
plague 'em, I could find in my Heart to fall sick in a
Pett, give thee my Estate in a Passion, and leave the
World in a Fury. *(Exit.*



A C T II.

Enter Antonio, and Sancho.

Ant. SIR, he shall have what's fit for him.
San. No Inheritance, Sir?

Ant. Enough to give him Books, and a moderate
Maintenance: That's as much as he cares for; you talk
like a Fool, a Coxcomb; trouble him with Land——

San. Must Master *Clodio* have all, Sir?

Ant. All, all, he knows how to use it; he's a Man
bred in this World; t'other in the Skies, his Business is
altogether above Stairs; go, see what he wants.

San. A Father, I'm sure. *(Exit Sancho.*

Ant. What, will none of my Rogues come near me
now? O! here they are.

Enter several Servants.

Well, Sir. in the first Place, can you procure me a plen-
tiful Dinner for about fifty, within two Hours? Your
young Master is to be marry'd this Morning; will that
spur you, Sir?

Cook. Young Master, Sir! I wish your Honour had
given me a little more Warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not sure
of it half an Hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do—Hey! *Pedro!*
Gusman! Come stir, ho! *(Exit Cook.*

Ant. Butler, open the Cellar to all good Fellows; if
any Man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down!
Is the Musick come?

But. They are within, at Breakfast, Sir.

Ant. That's well: Here, let this Room be clean'd.—
You, Huffy, see the Bride-Bed made; take Care no
young

young Jade cuts the Cords afunder, and look the Sheets be fine and well scented ——— and, d'ye hear ——— lay on three Pillows! away! (Exeunt:

Carlos alone in his Study.

Car. What a perpetual Noise these People make? my Head is broken with a *Parentthesis* in every Corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my Faculties turn into Study: What a Misfortune 'tis in human Nature, that the Body will not live on that which feeds the mind! ——— How unprofitable a Pleasure is Eating? ——— Sancho!

Enter Sancho.

San. Did you call, Sir?

Car. Prithee, what noise is this?

San. The Cooks are hard at work, Sir, chopping Herbs, and mincing Meat, and breaking Marrow-bones,

Car. And is it thus at every Dinner?

San. No, Sir; but we have high Doings to Day:

Car. Well, set this *Folio* in it's Place again; then make me a little Fire, and get me a Manchet; I'll dine alone ——— Does my young Brother speak any Greek yet, Sancho?

San. No, Sir, but he spits *French* like a Magpy, and that's more in Fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it Utterance, it quarrels with my Tongue ——— Again that Noise! Prithee tell me, Sancho, are there any Princes to dine here?

San. Some that are as happy as Princes, Sir, ——— your Brother's marry'd to Day.

Car. What of that! might not fix Dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

San. Sir, all the Country round is invited; not a Dog that knows the House, but comes too; all open, Sir.

Car. Prithee, who is it my Brother marries?

San. Old *Charino's* Daughter, Sir, the great Heiress; a delicate Creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a Cherry ——— and they say, modest too.

Car. That's strange; prithee how do these modest Women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my
own

own Mother ; to me they ever were but shadows, seen and unregarded.

San. Ah! would you saw this Lady, Sir, she'd draw you farther than your *Archimedes* ; she has a better Secret than any's in *Aristotle* ; if you study'd for it, I Gad you'd find her the prettiest natural Philosopher to play with.

Car. Is she so fine a Creature ?

San. Such Eyes! such Looks! such a Pair of pretty, plump, pouting Lips! such Softness in her Voice! such Musick too! and when she smiles, such roguish Dimples in her Cheeks! such a clear Skin! white Neck, and a little lower, such a Pair of round, hard, heaving what d'ye callums—ah ?

Car. Why, thou art in Love, *Sancho*.

San. Aye! so would you be, if you saw her, Sir.

Car. I don't think so. What Settlement does my Father make 'em ?

San. Only all his dirty Land, Sir, and makes your Brother his sole Heir.

Car. Must I have nothing ?

San. Books in abundance ; Leave to study your Eyes out, Sir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a Title too.

San. No matter for that, Sir, he'll have Possession—of the Lady too.

Car. I wish him happy——he'll not inherit my little Understanding too.

San. O, Sir, he's more a Gentleman than to do that——Ods me! Sir, Sir, here comes the very Lady, the Bride, your Sister that must be, and her Father.

Enter Charino and Angelina.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, Sir.

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair! such Sweetness in her Look! such Modesty! if we may think the Eye the Window to the Heart, she has a thousand treasur'd Virtues there.

San. So! the Book's gone.

[*Aside.*

Cha. Come, prithee put on a brisker Look ; Ods Heart, dost thou think in Conscience that's fit for thy Wedding-day?

Ang.

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden ; a little Time for farther Thought perhaps had made it easier to me : To change for ever, is no Trifle, Sir,

Car. A Wonder !

Cha. Look you, his Fortune I have taken care of, and his Person you have no exceptions to. What, in the Name of *Venus*, would the Girl have ?

Ang. I never said, of all the World I made him, Sir, my Choice : Nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averse ; but I had rather welcome your Commands and him, than Disobedience.

Cha. O ! if that be all, Madam, to make you easy, my Commands are at your Service.

Ang. I have done with my Objections, Sir.

Car. Such Understanding, in so soft a Form !—— Happy——Happy Brother !—— may he be happy, while I sit down in Patience, and alone ?——I have gaz'd too much——Reach me an *Ovid*. (Exit *Car.* and *San.*)

Cha. I say, put on your best Looks, Huffy—— for here he comes, Faith.

Enter Clodio.

Ah ! my dear *Clody* !

Cl. My dear, (*Kisses him.*) dear Dad. Hah ! *Ma Princeesse ! estes vous la donc !* A ha ! *Non, non, Je ne my Connois Guerre, &c.* (*Sings*) Look, look,—— o'Sly-boots ; what, she knows nothing of the Matter ? But you will, Child—I Gad, I shall count the Clock extreamly to Night : Let me see——what Time shall I rise to Morrow ?——Not 'till after Nine,——Ten.——Eleven, for a Pistole. Ah——*C'est a dire votre cœur insensible est en fin vaincu. Non, non, &c.* (*Sings a second Verse.*)

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said *Clody* ; my noble Brother, welcome ; my fair Daughter, I give you Joy.

Cl. And so will I too, Sir. *Allons ! Vivons ! Chançons ! Dançons ! Hey L'autre Jour, &c.* (*Sings and Dances, &c.*)

Ant. Well said again, Boy. Sir, you and your Writings are welcome. What, my angry Brother ! nay, you must

must have your Welcome too, or we shall make but a flat Feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no Body's welcome, and you are all a Parcel of——

Cha. What, Sir?

D. Lew.——Miserable Wretches——sad Dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, Sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty; but he'll dine, and be good Company for all this.

D. Lew. A strange Lie, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, poor Testy, ha, ha!

D. Lew. Don't laugh, my dear Rogue, prithee don't laugh now; Faith I shall break thy Head, if thou dost.

Clo. Gad so! what, then I find you are angry at me, dear Uncle?

D. Lew. Angry at thee, hay, Puppy!——Why, what!——what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet Face of thine, that's worth my being out of Humour at? Blood and Fire, ye Dog, get out of my fight, or——

Ant. Nay, Brother, this is too far——

D. Lew. Angry at him, a Son of a——Son's Son of a Whore!

Cha. Ha, ha! poor peevish——

D. Lew. I'd fain have some Body poison him. (*To himself*) Ah, that sweet Creature! Must this fair Flower be cropp'd to stick up in a Piece of rascally Earthen Ware? I must speak to her——Puppy, stand out of my Way.

Clo. Ha, ha! now for't.

D. Lew. (*To Angelina*) Ah!——ah!——ah! Madam——I pity you; you're a lovely young Creature, and ought to have a handsome Man yok'd to you, one of understanding too——I am sorry to say it, but this Fellow's Scull's extremely thick——he can never get any thing upon that fair Body, but muffs and Snuff boxes; or, say he should have a Thing shap'd like a Child, you can make nothing of it, but a Taylor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear Uncle.

D. Lew. Will no Body take that troublesome Dog out of my Sight—I can't stay where he is—I'll go see my poor Boy *Charles*—I've disturb'd you, Madam, your humble Servant.

Ant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the Bride's Health, Brother ?

D. Lew. That Lady's Health I may ; and, if she'll give me Leave, perhaps fit by her at Table too.

Clo. Ha, ha! Bye Nuncle.

D. Lew. Puppy, good Bye—— (*Exit D. Lewis.*)

Ang. An odd humour'd Gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, Child ; I suppose in pure Spite, he'll make my Son *Charles* his Heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light Head, nor one laden with too much Learning, as my Father says this *Carlos* is ; sure there's something hid in that Gentleman's Concerns for him, that speaks him not so mere a Log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal Brother ? the Priest stays for us ; when *Carlos* has sign'd the Conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the Wedding, and so to Dinner.

Cba. With all my Heart, Sir.

Clo. Allons ! *ma chere Princeesse.* (*Exeunt.*)

Carlos in his Study, with Don Lewis, and Sancho.

D. Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then—— I must study, Sir, to bear my Fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater Feeling ?

San. You were sensible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell upon your Head ; and won't the Ruin of your Fortune stir you ?

Car. Will he have my Books too ?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a Book, a fine one too, call'd, *The Gentleman's Recreation* ; or, *the secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters* : Such a Creature ! a Beauty in Folio ! would thou hadst her in thy Study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new clasp her.

San. He has seen her, Sir.

D. Lew. Well, and—— and——

San. He flung away his Book, Sir.

D. Lew. Did he Faith ? would he had flung away his Humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my Brother then have all ?

D. Lew. All, all

San. All that your Father has, Sir.

26 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Car. And that fair Creature too ?

San. Aye, Sir.

D. Lew. Hay !

Car. He has enough, then.

(Sighing.

D. Lew. He have her, *Charles* ! why wou'd, wou'd, that is——hay !

Car. May I not see her, sometimes, and call her Sister ? I'll do him no Wrong.

D. Lew. I can't bear this ! 'Theart, I could cry for Madnefs ! Flesh and Fire ! do but speak to her, Man.

Car. I cannot, Sir, her Look requires something of that distant Awe, Words of that soft Respect, and yet such Force and Meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her Joy ! — O were I born to give it too !

D. Lew. Why, thou shalt wish her Joy, Boy ; Faith, she is a good humour'd Creature, she'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think so, Uncle ?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, Sir,—Stay, Uncle—will she not think me rude ? I would not for the World offend her.

D. Lew. 'Fend a Fiddle-stick—let me alone—I'll—
TII.

Car. Nay, but Sir ! dear Uncle.

D. Lew. A hum ! a hum ! (Exit. *D. Lewis.*

Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a Writing.

Ant. Where's my Son ?

San. There, Sir, casting a Figure what chopping Children his Brother shall have, and where he shall find a new Father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a Stick for you, Rogue, I shall. *Charles*, how dost thou ? Come hither Boy.

Car. Your Pleasure, Sir ?

Ant. Nay, no great Matter, Child, only to put your Name here a little, to this Bit of Parchment ; I think you write a reasonable good Hand, *Charles*.

Car. Pray, Sir, to what Use may it be ?

Ant. Only to pass your Title in the Land I have, to your Brother *Clodio*.

Car. Is it no more, Sir ?

Lew. That's all, Sir.

Ant.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else: Look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what Books you please, and your Means shall come in without your Care, and you shall always have a Servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good Company below; it being, Sir, so frank a Gift, 'twill be some small Compliment to have it done before the Lady too: There I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my Brother Fortune.

Ant. With all my Heart, Child; it's the same Thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, Sir, if I make no great Stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any Thing thou hast a Mind to.

(*Exeunt.*)

San. Now has he undone himself for ever; Odsheart, I'll down into the Cellar, and be stark drunk for Anger.

(*Exit.*)

The SCENE changes to a Dining-Room, a large Table spread.

Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.

Law. Come, let him bring his Son's Hand, and all's done: Are you ready, Sir?

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in Truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I Gad, I warrant you the Priest and I cou'd both fall to without saying Grace——Ha! you little Rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no Fault, Sir; better Things were well done, than done too hastily——Sir, you look melancholy.

(*To D. Lewis.*)

D. Lew. Sweet swelling Blossom! Ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would stick thee in the Bosom of a pretty young Fellow——Ah! thou hast miss'd a Man (but that he is so bewitch'd to his Study, and knows no other Mistress, than his Mind) so far above this feather-headed Puppy——

Ang. Can he talk, Sir?

D. Lew. Like an Angel——to himself——the Devil a Word to a Woman: His Language is all upon the high

Business to Heaven, and heavenly Wonders, to Nature, and her dark and secret Causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, Sir?

D. Lew. To Admiration! such Curiosities! but he can't look a Woman in the Face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little Conversation, methinks——

D. Lew. Why, so I think too; but the Boy's bewitch'd, and the Devil can't bring him to't: Shall I try if I can get him to wish you Joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his Sister, Sir.

Clo. Look, look, old Testy will fall in Love by and by; he's hard at it, split me.

Cba. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my Father comes! Now, Priest! Hey! my Brother too! that's a Wonder! broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Enter Antonio and Carlos.

D. Lew. Odsó! here he is! that's he! a little inclining to the lean, or so, but his Understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Charles*, 'twas your Desire to see my fair Daughter and the good Company, and then to seal before 'em all, and give your Brother Joy.

Cba. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the Lady, Sir?

Ant. Aye, that's your Sister, *Charles*.

Car. Forbid it Love! (*Aside*.) Do you not think she'll grace our Family?

Ant. No doubt on't, Sir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for so unmerited a Grace?

Ant. Aye, and welcome, *Charles*.

D. Lew. Now, my Boy! give her a gentle Twist by the Fingers! lay your Lips softly, softly, close and plum to hers.

(*Apart to Carlos.*

Car. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Lady. (*Salutes Angelina*) Dissolving Softness! O the drowning Joy! Happy!—Happy he that sips eternally such Nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateless

less Draughts of ever springing Beauty.—But you, fair Creature, share by far the higher Joy ; if, as 'I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole Delight of Love lies only in the Power to give.

Ang. How near his Thoughts agree with mine ! This the mere Scholar I was told of ! (*Aside.*)—I find, Sir, you have experienc'd Love, you seem acquainted with the Passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale Glimpse in Theory, but never saw th' enlivening Light before.

Ang. Ha ! before !

Ant. Well, these are very fine Compliments, *Charles* ; but you say nothing to your Brother yet.

Car. O yes, and with him, Sir, with any other Beauty, (if possible) more lasting Joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha ! ——— what do you say, Brother ?

Ant. Nay, for my Part, I don't understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand clear, I do—and that sweet Creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear.

Ant. Come, come, to the Writing, *Charles* ; prithee leave thy studying. Man.

Car. I'll leave my Life first ; I study now to be a Man : before, *what Man was*, was but my *Argument*——I now am on the *Proof* ! I find, I feel my self a Man—nay I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it ! he has it ! my Boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you—

D. Lew. Stand out of the way, Puppy.

(*Interposing with his Back to Clody.*)

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer Speech to you, my Thoughts want Words, my Words their free and honest Utterance ? Why is it thus I tremble at your Touch, and fear your Frown, as would a frightened Child the dreadful Lightning ? Yet should my dearest Friend or Brother dare to check my vain deluded Wishes, O ! I should turn, and tear him like an offended Lyon—Is this, can it, must it be in a Sister's Power ?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign, Brother.

D. Lew. Time enough, Puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipitated Haste you hurry on a Deed that makes you bless'd, or miserable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to Happiness, you'd find no Danger in a Moment's Pause.

Clo. I say, will you sign, Brother?

Car. Away, I have no Time for Trifles! Room for an elder Brother.

D. Lew. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the Way now?

Ant. Aye, but this is trifling, *Charles!* come, come, your Hand, Man.

Car. Your Pardon, Sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shew'd me Land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your Pleasure: 'Tis Care, 'tis Dirt, and Trouble: But you have open'd to me such a Treasure, such unimagi'd Mines of solid Joy, that I perceive my Temper stubborn now, ev'n to a churlish Avarice of Love—Heaven direct my Fortune.

Ant. And so you won't part with your Title, Sir?

Car. Sooner with my Soul of Reason, be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Fly, and only make the Number of Animals, or Things up, than yield one Foot of Land—if she be ty'd to't.

Cba. I don't like this, he talks oddly methinks.

Aug. Yet with a Bravery of Soul might warm the coldest Heart.

(*Aside.*)

Clo. Pshaw, Pox, prithee, Brother, you had better think of those Things in your Study, Man.

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis Time, young Brother: Turn o'er the tedious Volumes I have read, think, and digest them, well! the wholesomest Food for green consumptive Minds! wear out whole fasted Days, and by the pale weak Lamp, pore away the freezing Nights, rather make dim thy Sight, than leave thy Mind in Doubt and Darkness: Confine thy useless Travels to thy Closet, traverse the wise and civil Lives of good and great Men dead; compare 'em with the Living: Tell me why *Cæsar* perish'd by the Hand that lov'd him most, and why his Enemies deplor'd him? Distil the Sweetness from

from the Poet's Spring, and learn to soften thy Desires, nor dare to dream of Marriage Vows, 'till thou hast taught thy Soul, like mine, to love—— Is it for thee to wear a Jewel of this inestimable Worth?

D. Larw. Ah! Charles! (*Kisses him*) What say you to the Scholar now, Chicken?

Ang. A Wonder——Is this Gentleman your Brother, Sir?

(*To Clody.*)

Clod. Hay! no, my—Madam, not quite—that is, he is a little a-kin by the—Pox on him, wou'd he were bury'd—I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, ha—?

Car. Neither—I should not blindly say I will not seal—Let me intreat a Moment's Pause—for, even yet, perhaps I may.

(*Sighing.*)

Ang. Forbid it Fortune!

Ant. O may you so, Sir!

Clod. Aye! Sir, hay! What, you are come to your self I find, 'sheart!

Cha. Aye, aye, give him a little Time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair Creature, I have done you Wrong, whose plighted Love and Hope went Hand in Hand together, but I conjure you, think my Life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an Act as parting 'em: What! to lay waste at once for ever' all the gay Blossoms of your forward Fortune, the promis'd Wishes of your young Desire, your fruitful Beauty, and your springing Joy; your thriving Softness, and your cluster'd Kisses, growing on the Lips of Love, devour'd with an unthirsty Infant's Appetite! O forbid it, Love! forbid it, Nature and Humanity! I have no Land, no Fortune, Life, or Being, while your Necessity of Peace requires 'em: Say! or give me Need to think your smallest Hope depends on my objected Ruin; my Ruin is my Safety there; my Fortune, or my Life resign'd with Joy, for your Account of happy Hours were thence but rais'd to any added Number.

Cha. Why aye! there's some Civility in this.

Clod. The Fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare Compliance to a Father's Will, you now but suffer Marriage, or yet what will be worse, ~~give us~~ an extorted Bond, impos'd on the Simplicity of your Youth, and dare confess you wish some honest Friend would save, or free you from its hard Conditions; I then again have Land, have Life, and Resolution, waiting still upon your happier Fortune.

Clo. Ha! ha! pert enough, that! I Gad! I long to see what this will come to!

Priest. In Truth, unless some Body is marry'd presently, the Dinner will be spoil'd, and then ——— no Body will be able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I say, let's remove the Lady.

Cba. Force her from him!

Car. 'Tis too late! I have a Figure here! Sooner shall Bodies leave their Shade; as well you might attempt to shut old Time into a Den, and from his downy Wings wash the swift Hours away, or steal Eternity to stop his Glafs; so fix'd, so rooted here is every growing Thought of her.

Clo. Gads me; what, now 'tis troublesome again, is it?

Car. Consider, fair One, now's the very Crisis of our Fate: You cannot have it sure, to ask if Honour be the Parent of my Love: If you can love for Love, and think your Heart rewarded there, like two young Vines we'll curl together, circling our Souls in never ending Joy; we'll spring together, and we'll bear one Fruit; one Joy shall make us smile, one Sorrow mourn; one Age go with us, one Hour of Death shall close our Eyes, and one cold Grave shall hold us happy — Say but you hate me not! O speak! Give but the softest Breath to that transporting Thought!

Ang. Need I then speak; to say, I'm far from hating you ——— I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Car. I'll bear it no longer ———

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that Marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How shall my Soul requite this Goodness?

Cba.

Cha. Beyond Patience! This is down-right Insolence! Roguery! a Rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Aye, aye! part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Doll! dum! dum! —

(Sings and draws in their Defence.)

Cha. Call an Officer, I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take Protection here.

[Goes to Carlos.]

Car. O Extasy of Heart! transporting Joy!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorrol! Lol! *(Sings and dances.)*

Cha. A Plot! a Plot against my Honour! Murder? Treason! Gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Sir, you shall have Satisfaction.

Car. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos. I say, forego the Lady.

Car. Never while I have Sense of Being, Life, or Motion.

Clo. You won't! Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this Business? *Allons!* the Lady, Sir!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorro! Loll!

(Presenting his Point to Clodio.)

Cha. I'll have his Blood!

Car. Hold, Uncle! Come, Brother, sheath your Anger — I'll do my best to satisfy you all — but first, I would intreat a Blessing here.

Ant. Out of my Doors! thou art no Son of mine!

(Exit. Ant.)

Car. I am sorry I have lost a Father, Sir — for you, Brother, since once you had a seeming Hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my Birth-right.

Clo. No Halves! no Halves, Sir; the whole Lady!

Car. Why, then the Whole, if you can like the Terms.

Clo. What Terms? What Terms? Come quick, quick,

Car. The first is this, — *(Snatches D. Lewis's Sword)* Win her and wear her; for, on my Soul, unless my Body fail, my Mind shall never yield thee up a Thought in Love.

D. *Lew.* God a Mercy, *Charles!* To him Boy! I Gad! this Love has made a Man of him.

Car. This is the first good Sword I ever pois'd in Anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure, if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your Insolence! — I feel the Fire of ten strong Spirits in me: Wer't thou a native Fencer, in so fair a Cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst Dèfiance.

Clo. Look you, Brother, take Care of your self, I shall certainly be in you the first Thrust, but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this Bu-
siness.

Car. Away, Trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a Coward too.

Clo. Coward! Why then, really, Sir, if you please, Midriff's the Word, Brother; you are a Son of a Whore — Allons! (*They fight, and Claudio is disarm'd.*)

Cha. His Blood! I say, his Blood! I'll have it, by all the Scars and Wounds of Honour in my Family. (*Exit.*)

Car. There, Sir, take your Life — and mend it — be gone without Reply.

Ang. Are you wounded, Sir?

Car. Only in my Fears for you: How shall we bestow us, Uncle?

D. *Lew.* Positively, we are not safe here, this Lady being an Heiress: Follow me.

Car. Good Angels guard us. [*Exeunt with Ang.*]

Clo. Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my Life — never in my Life. split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Sire, here be de Trompeté, de Hauté-Boy, de Musique, de Maitre Dancer, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to 'avé de Masque begin.

Clo. Hay! What does this Puppy say now?

Monf. Sire, the Musique.

Clo. Why aye — that's true — but — tell 'em — Plague on 'em, tell 'em they are not ready 'un'd.

Monf. Sire, dare is all Tuné, all préparé.

Clo. Aye! Why then, tell 'em that my Brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I shan't.

shan't be marry'd 'till next Time : but I have fought with him, and he has disarm'd me ; and so he won't release the Land, nor give me my Mistress again ; and I—I am undone, that's all. (Exeunt.

Enter Charino, Antonio, Officers, and Servants.

Cha. Officer, do your Duty : I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this Minute before a—How now ! what all fled !

Cha. Ha ! my Girl ! my Child ! my Heirefs ! I am abus'd ! I am cheated ! I am robb'd ! I am ravish'd ! murder'd ! and flung in a Ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out ? Which Way went they, Villains ?

Ser. Sir, we had no Order to stop them ; but they went out at that Door, not fix Minutes ago

Cha. I'll pursue 'em with Bills, Warrants, Actions, Writs, and Malice. I'm a Lawyer, Sir ; they shall find I understand Ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, Sir ; run you to the Port, Sirrah, see if any Ships are going off, and bring us Notice immediately.

Enter Sancho drunk.

San. Ban, ban, Cac-caliban ! (Sings.

Ant. Here comes a Rogue, I'll warrant, knows the Bottom of all ! Where's my Son, Villain ?

San. Hick up !——Son, Sir !

Cha. Where's my Daughter, Sifrah ?

San. Daughter, Sir ! hick up !

Cha. Aye, my Daughter Rascal !

San. Who, Sir, they told me just now, Sir——that she's, hick-up ! she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your Master ?

San. My Master ! why they say he is—— hick up !

Ant. Where, Sirrah ?

San. Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death ! you Dog, discover him, or——

San. Sir, I will—I will.

Ant. Where is he, Villain ?

San. Where, Sir ! Why, to be sure he is—he is—upon my Soul, I don't know, Sir.

Ant. No more trifling, Rascal.

Sancho

San. If I do, Sir, I wish this may be my Poison.

(Drinks.

Ant. Death! you Dog, get out of my House, or I'll
—So, Sir, have you found him?

Re-enter the Servant hastily, and Clodio.

Clo. Aye, Sir! have you found 'em?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I had a Sight of 'em; but they were juſt got on Board a ſmall Veſſel, before I could overtake 'em.

Cha. Death and Furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, Sirrah ?

Ser. Sir, I could not discover that ; but they fail'd full
before the Wind, with a very smart Gale.

Ant. What shall we do, Brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they, Sir; follow 'em! follow 'em.

Cba. Send to the Port this Moment, and secure a Ship; I'll pursue 'em thro' all the Elements!

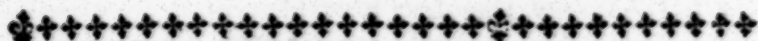
Clo. I'll follow you, by the Northern Star.

Ant. Run to the Port again, Rogue; hire a Ship, and tell 'em they must hoist Sail immediately.

Clo. And, you Rogue, run to my Chamber, fill up my Snuff-box— Cram it hard, you Dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, Boy?

Clo. Nothing, Sir, but Snuff and Opportunity—
we're in haste! *Allons! hey! Fervole.*



ACT III.

The S C E N E, Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, Don Duart, and Governor.

Elv. **D**EAR Brother, let me intreat you, stay ; why will you provoke your Danger ?

D. *Da.* Madam, my Honour must be satisfy d

Elv.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading Blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, Niece, what is it has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needless Quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him — To whom is all this Fury, Nephew?

D. Du. To you, Sir, or any Man that dares oppose me,

Gov. Come you are too boisterous, Sir; and this vain Opinion of your Courage, taken on your late Success in Duelling, makes you daily shun'd by Men of civil Conversation: For Shame, leave off these senseless Brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your Courage to the Wars; let your King and Country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes: so I might be General — Sir, no Man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every Hour follow'd with Complaints of your Behaviour from Men of almost all Conditions; and my Authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my Nephew, no longer shall protect you now: Expect your next Disorder to be punish'd with as much Severity, as his that is a Stranger to my Blood,

D. Du. Punish me! You, nor your Office dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any Thing she ought,

Elv. Brother, this brutal Temper must be cast off: When you can master that, you gladly shall command my Fortune. But if you still persist, expect my Prayers and Vows for your Conversion only; but never Means, or Favour.

D. Du. Fire! and Furies! I am tutor'd here like a mere School boy! Women shall judge of Injuries in Honour! — For you Sir — I was born free, and will not curb my Spirit, nor is it for your Authority to tempt it: Give me the Usage of a Man of Honour, or 'tis not your Government shall protect you. (*Exit.*)

Gov. I am sorry to see this, Neice, for your Sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my Brother.

Enter

Enter Don Manuel, and Sailors, with Angelina.

D. Ma. Divide the Spoil amongst you: This fair Captive I only challenge for my self.

Gov. Ha! some Prize brought in.

Sail, Sir, she's your's; you fought, and well deserve her.

Gov. Noble *Don Manuel!* welcome on Shore! I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon Prize.

D. Ma. She is indeed ——— These ten Years I have known the Sea, and many rough Engagement there; but never saw so small a Bark so long defended, with such incredible Valour, and by two Men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't possible?

D. Ma. Nay, and their Contempt of Death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their Freedom,

Gov. Pray tell us, Sir.

D. Ma. When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd, and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the Bread of Bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their Swords, (the younger taking first from this fair Maid a Farewel only with his Eyes) both leapt into the Sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed,

D. Ma. It wrought so much upon me, (had not our own Safety hinder'd at that Time a great Ship pursuing us) I wou'd in Charity have ta'en 'em up, and with their Lives they should have had their Liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost! (Heart-Wounding Thought!) for ever lost! — I now am friendless, miserable, and a Slave.

D. Ma. Take Comfort, Fair One, perhaps you yet again may see 'em: They were not quite a League from Shore and with such Strength and Courage broke through the rolling Waves, they could not fail of Life and Safety.

Ang. In that last Hope, I brook a wretched Being: But if they're dead, my Woes will find so many Doors to let out Life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Exe.

Elv. Alas! poor Lady! Come, Sir, Misery but weeps the more, when she is gaz'd on—— we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you, your Servant, Sir ——

[*Exit. Elv. and Gov.*]

D. Ma. Now my fair Captive, tho' I confess you beautiful, yet give me Leave to own my Heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the Favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with Safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, Sir, to hear.

D. Ma. These three Years I have honourably lov'd a noble Lady, her Name *Louisa*, the beauteous Neice of Great *Ferara's* Duke: Her Person and Fortune uncontroul'd, sole Mistress of her self and me, who long have languish'd in a hopeless Constancy: Now I perceive, in all your Language, and your Books, a softning Power, nor can a Suit by you promoted, be deny'd: Therefore I wou'd a while intreat your Leave to recommend you, as her Companion, to this Lady's Favour: And (as I am sure you'll soon be near her closest Thoughts) if you can think upon the honest Courtesies I hitherto have shewn your Modesty, and in your happy Talk, but name with any Mark of Favour, me, or my unweary'd Love, 'twou'd be a generous Act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its Memory.

Ang. Such poor Assistants, Sir, as one distress'd like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: If I can steal but any Thoughts from my own Misfortunes, rest assur'd they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. Ma. I'll study to deserve this Goodness; for the present, think my poor House your own; at Night I'll wait on you to the Lady, 'till when, I am your Guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your service ——

[*Exeunt D. Manuel and Angelina.*]

The S C E N E changes to a Church, the Vespers suppos'd to be just ended, several walking out. *Carlos* and *Don Lewis* rising near *Louisa* and *Honorina*. *Louisa* observing *Carlos*.

Hon. Come, Madam, shall we walk out? The Croud's pretty well over now.

Louisa

Lou. But then that melancholy Softness in his Look!
(*To herself.*)

Hon. Cousin! *Donna Louisa!*

Lou. Ev'n in his Devotions too, such graceful Adoration——so sweet a——

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Pshaw, Time enough —— Prithee let's walk a little this Way.

Hon. What's the Matter with her?

(*They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.*)

Car. To what are we reserv'd!

D. Lew. For no Good, I am afraid — my ill Luck don't use to give over, when her Hand's in; she's always in haste —— one Misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another —— Drowning we have escap'd miraculously; wou'd the Fear of Hanging were over too; our being so strangely sav'd from one, smells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Charles*, for what Life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set Foot upon my Estate again: Faith, I was just gone, if thou hadst not taken me upon thy Back the last hundred Yards, by this Time I had been Food for Herrings and Mackarel —— But it's pretty well as it is; for there is not much Difference between Starving and Drowning — all in good Time — we are poor enough on Conscience, and I don't know, but two Days more Fasting, might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are Strangers then, and seem in some Necessity. [*Aside.*]

Car. These are light Wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina's* Loss; when I reflect on her Distress, the Hardships and Cries of helpless Bondage, the insolent, the deaf Desires of Men in Power; O! could I wish the Fate that sav'd us from the Ocean's Fury, in kinder Pity of our Love's Distress, had bury'd us in one Wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a Lover! [*Aside.*]

D. Lew. A most unhappy Loss indeed! but come, don't despair, Boy: The Ship that took us, was a *Pertuguese*,

guese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows but some Way or other we may hear of her yet?

Car, In that poor Hope I live ——— O thou dread Power! Stupendous Author of universal Being, and of thy wondrous Works, that Virgin-Wife, the Master-piece, look down upon her; let the bright Virtues of her untainted Mind, sue for, and protect her: O let her Youth, her spotless Innocence, to which all Passages in Heaven stand open, appear before thy Throne distress'd, and meet some Miracle to save her.

Lou. Who would not die, to be so pray'd for? (*Aside.*

D. Lew. Faith, Charles, thou hast pray'd heartily. I'll say that for thee; so that if any good Fortune will pay us a Visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon as she pleases. Come, don't be melancholy,

Car. Have I not Cause? Were not my Force of Faith superior to my hopeless Reason, I could not bear the Insults of my Fortune; but I have rais'd my self, by elevated Faith, as far above Despair, as Reason lifts me from the Brute

D. Lew. Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young Man talk so finely, when he is almost famish'd?

Lou. What were you saying, Cousin?

Hon. I wou'd have said, Madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddest Thought; let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. (*Aside.*) Jacques! (*Whispers*) What was't you ask'd me, Cousin?

Hon. The Reason of your Aversion to Don Manuel; you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his Love.

Hon. But why, pray? You know he's honourable, so is his Family; nor his Fortune less: I should think, the more desirable, because his Courage and his Conduct on the Seas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's extremely modest too.

Lou. Therefore, I might hate him,

Hon. For his Modesty?

Lou. Is any Thing so sleepy, so flat, and insupportable, as a modest Lover?

Hon.

Hon. Wou'd you bear Impudence in a Lover ?

Lou. I don't know ; it's more tolerable in the Man, than the Woman ; and there must be Impudence on the one Side, before they can both come to a right Understanding.

Hon. Why, what would you have him do ?

Lou. That's a very home Question, Cousin ; but if I lik'd him, I could tell you.

Hon. Suppose you did like him ?

Lou. Then I would not tell you.

Hon. Why ?

Lou. 'Cause I should have more Discretion.

Hon. Bless me ! sure you would not do any Thing you would be ashamed to tell ?

Lou. That's true ; but if one should, you know 'twould be silly to tell. No Woman would be fond of Shame, sure.

Hon. But there's no avoiding it in a shameful Action.

Lou. Don't be so positive,

Hon. All your Friends would shun you, point at you.

Lou. And yet you see there's a World of Friendship and good Breeding among all the Women of Quality.

Hon. Suppose there be ?

Lou. Why then, I suppose, that a great many of them are mightily hurry'd in the Care of their Reputation.

Hon. So you conclude that a Woman doing an ill Thing, does herself no harm, while her Reputation's safe.

Lou. It does not do her so much Harm ; and, of two Evils, I'm always for chusing the least.

Hon. What need you chuse either ?

Lou. Because I have a vast Fortune in my own Hands, and love dearly to do what I have Mind to.

Hon. Why won't you marry then ?

Lou. Because then I must only do what my Husband has a Mind to ; and I hate to be govern'd ; on my Soul, I would not marry, to be an *English* Wife, not but the dear Jolting of a Hackney Coach, and an easy Husband, are strange Temptations ; but from the cold Comfort of

a fine Coach with Springs, and a dull Husband with none, good Lord deliver me : But then, the Insolence of ours, is insupportable, because the nasty Laws gives 'em a Power over us, which Nature never design'd 'em. For my Part, I had rather be in Love all the Days of my Life, than marry,

Hon. That is, you had rather bear the Disease, than have the Cure.

Lou. Marriage is indeed a Cure for Love ; but Love's a Disease I wou'd never be cur'd of, therefore, no more Physick, dear Cousin ; no more Husbands——I hate your bitter Draughts—Not but I am afraid I am a little Feverish—You'll think me mad.

Hon. What's the Matter ?

Lou. Did you observe those Strangers that have walk'd by us ?

Hon. Not much, but what of them ?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their Talk ?

Hon. I think I did ; one of 'em, the younger, seem'd concern'd for a lost Mistress,

Lou. Aye, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, his Looks, as well as Words, speaking an inward Grief, that could not flow from the Result of every common Passion, ; I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean ?

Lou.—Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why you see they are Strangers, I believe in some Necessity ; and since they seem not born to beg Relief, to offer it unask'd, would add some Merit to the Charity.

Hon. Consider

Lou. I hate it—Sir—Sir—

D. Lew. Would you speak with me, Madam ?

Lou. If you please, with your Friend—not to interrupt you, Sir.

Car. Your Pleasure, Lady ?

Lou. You seem a Stranger, Sir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in Want : Pardon my Freedom—if I have err'd, as freely tell me so ; if not,

as

as earnest of your better Fortune, this Trifle sues for your Acceptance.

D. Lew. Take it Boy.

Car. A Bounty so unmerited, and from a Hand unknown, fills me with Surprize and Wonder: But give me Leave, in Honesty, to warn you, Lady. of a too heedless Purchase; for if you mean it as a Bribe to any Evil you would have me practise, be not offended if I dare not take it.

Lou. How affably he talks! how chaste! how innocent his Thoughts! he must be won! ——— (*Aside.*) ——— You are too scrupulous; I have no hard Designs upon your Honesty ——— Only this——be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observ'd, farewell, *Jaques!* ——— Will you walk. Cousin? ——— (*Whisper Jaques!*)—and bring me Word immediately—I am going home.

D. Lew. Let's see, Odsheart! follow her, Man ——— why, 'tis all Gold!

Car. Dispose it as you please.

D. Lew. I'll first have a better Title to't ——— No, 'tis all thine, Boy——I'll hold an hundred Pistoles she's some great Fortune in Love with you——I say, follow her——since you have lost one Wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed has dispossefs'd her of my Person, but her firm Title to my Heart, not all the subtle Arts or Laws of Love can shake or violate.

D. Lew. Prithce follow her now! methinks I'd fain see thee in Bed with some Body before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in Thought; let me entreat you rather to employ 'em, Sir, with mine, in Search of *Angelina's* Fortune.

D. Lew. Well, dear *Charles*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Antonio and Charino. SCENE the Street.

Ant. You hear what the Sailor said, Brother, such a Ship has put in here, and such Persons were taken in it. Therefore my Advice is, immediately to get a Warrant from the Government to search and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

Cha.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me — I won't be chous'd of my Daughter; I shall expect her, Sir; if not, I'll take my Course; I know the Law. (*Walks about.*)

Ant. You really had a great deal of dark Wit, Brother; but if you know any Course better than a Warrant to search for her, in the Name of Wisdom take it, if not, here's an Oath, and yours, and——how now, where's *Clody*?——oh, here he comes——

Enter Clodio searching his Pockets.

How now! What's the Matter, Boy?

Clo. Aye, It's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the Matter?

(*Louder;*)

Clo. The best Joint in Christendom.

Ant. *Clody*!

Clo. Sir, I have lost my Snuff box.

Ant. P'haw, a Trifle; get thee another, Man.

Cl. Sir, 'tis not to be had—besides, I dare not shew my Face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her Grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second Thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have search'd all my Pockets fifty Times over, to no Purpose

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris*—I'll go to *Paris*, split me. (*Aside.*)

Cha. To *Paris*! Why, you don't suppose my Daughter's there, Sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, Sir; but I am sure they make the best Joints in *Europe*, there.

Cha. Joints! — my Son-in-Law that shou'd ha'been, seems strangely alter'd for the worse. But come, let's to the Governor.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd, Faith, or, if that won't do, odds, I have a lucky Thought, I'll offer thirty Pistoles to the Finder, in the *Paris Gazette*; in pure Complement to the Favours of *Madam la Dutche's de*——Mum I'll do't, Faith.

Ant. Come along, *Clody*.

(*Ex. Ant. and Charino.*)

Clo.

Clo. Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you presently; my poor pretty Box. Ah, Plague o' my Sea-Voyage.

Enter a Servant hastily, with a Flambeau.

Ser. By your Leave, Sir, my Master's coming; pray, Sir, clear the Way.

Clo. Ha! why thou art pert, my Love; prithee, who is thy Master, Child?

Ser. The valiant *Don Duart*, Sir, Nephew, to the Governor of *Lisbon*.

Clo. Well, Child, and does he eat every Man he meets?

Ser. No, Sir, but he challenges every Man that takes the Wall of him, and always sends me before, to clear the Way.

Clo. Hah! pretty harmless Humour that? Is this he, Child? — You may look as terrible as you please I must banter you, flux me. *(Aside.)*

Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.

D. Du. Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. Hey! ho! *(Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.)*

D. Du. Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. You did not see my Snuff-Box, Sir, did you?

D. Du. Sir, in *Lisbon* no Man asks me a Question cover'd. *(Strikes off Clodio's Hat.)* Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, Sir, — Hi! Hi! I like mightily — you are not a Bully, Sir.

D. Du. You are sawcy, Friend,

Clo. Aye! it's a Way I have, after I am affronted — Thou art really the most extraordinary ——— umph ——— that ever I met with! Now, Sir, you do know me, split me?

D. Du. Know thee, take that, Peasant!

(Strikes him, and both draw.)

Clo. I can't upon my Soul, Sir; *Allons!* now we shall come to a right Understanding. *(they fight.)*

Ser. Help! Murder! help!

Clo. *Allons!* to our better Acquaintance, Sir; A, hah! *(D. Du. falls.)* he has it! Never push'd better in my Life, never in my Life, split me.

Ser. O! my Master's kill'd! help ho! Murder! help!

Clo. Hay! why Faith, Child, that's very true as thou say'st,

say'st, and so the Devil take the Hindmost. (*Exit. Clo.*)

Enter Officers.

1st. *Off.* How now! Who's that cries Murder?

Ser O, my Master's murder'd; some of you follow me, this Way he took! let's after him—help! Murder, help!

2d *Off.* 'Tis Don Duart.

(*Exit.*)

1st *Off.* So, Pride, has got a Fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your Match, Faith, Sir. Come, let's carry the Body to the good Lady his Sister Donna Elvira; you pursue the Murderer, I'll warrant him some civil Gentleman: ye need not make too much Haste, for if he does 'scape, 'tis not great Matter——

Come along.

(*Exeunt with the Body.*)

Enter Carlos and Don Lewis, follow'd at some Distance by Jaques, and Bravoos, with a Chair.

D. *Lew.* Come along, Charles, I'm sure 'tis she, by their Description; and if that brawny Dog, the Captain, has play'd her no foul Play, she shan't want Ransom, if all my Estate can purchase it.

Car. Now Fortune guides us.

(*Exeunt.*)

Jaques. That's he, the tallest——befure you spare his Person —— only force him into this Chair, and carry him as directed.

1st. *Bra.* What must be done with the old Fellow?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how —— follow softly, we shall snap them as they turn the Corner.

A Noise of, Follow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other Side.

Clo. Ah! Pox of their Noses! the Dogs have smelt me out! What shall I do? If they take me, I shall be hang'd, split me!——Ha! a Door open, Faith I'll in it a Venture.

(*Exit.*)

Re-enter Bravoos with Carlos in a Chair, some halting in Don Lewis.

D. *Lew.* O my poor Boy Charles!——Charles!——help! Murder!

1st. *Bra.* Hold your Peace, Fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. *Lew.* Sir, I will not hold my Peace; Dogs! Rogues! Villains! Help! Murder!

1st. *Bra.*

1st. *Bra.* Nay, then by your Leave, old Gentleman so, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw!

(*They gag him, and carry him Head and Heels.*) (*Exeunt.*
SCENE a Chamber, *Elvira*, and her Servants with
Lights.

Elv. Is not my Brother come home yet?

Ser. I have not seen him, Madam.

Elv. Go and seek him; go all of ye every where — I'll not rest 'till you return; take away your Lights too; for my Devotions are all written in my Heart, and I shall read 'em there without a Taper. (*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Clo. Ah! poor *Clody*! what will become of thee? thy Condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent — Follow'd behind! stopp'd before! and beset on both Sides! Ah! Pox o' my Wit! I must be bantering, must I? But let me see? where am I? an odd Sort of an House this — all the Doors open, and no Body in't! No Noise! no Whisper! no Dog stirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a Woman's Voice.

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano!*
Julia!

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the Lady of the House; she can't see my unfortunate Face however. Faith, I'll e'en make her a grave Speech, tell her my Case, and beg her Protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young Gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a Man of most ill Manners, to press thus boldly to my private Chamber: Whither would you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious Madam, hear me; I am a Stranger, most unfortunate, and my Distress has made me rudely press for your Protection; if you refuse it, Madam, I am undone for ever by — I say, Madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, Faith! (*Aside.*

Elv. Alas! his Fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, Sir?

Clo.

Clo. An Outcry of Officers ; the Law's at my Heels, Madam, tho' Justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other ?

Clo. Being provok'd, Madam, by the Insolence of my Enemy, in my own Defence, just now left him dead in the Street ; I am very young, Madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange Country, methinks ; which I certainly shall be, unless your pretended Charity protects me — Gad, I have a rare Tongue, I have a rare Tongue, Faith !
(*Aside.*)

Elv. Poor Wretch, I pity him !

Clo. Madam, your House is now my only Sanctuary ; my Altar ; therefore I beg you, upon my Knees, Madam, take Pity of a poor bleeding Victim.

Elv. Are you a *Castilian* ?

Clo. No, Madam, I was born in — in — in —
What d'ye call 'um — in —

Elv. Nay, I ask you not with Purpose to betray you ; were you ten thousand Times a *Spaniard*, the Nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such Distress I yet would give you my Protection

Clo. May I depend upon you, Madam ; am I safe ?

Elv. Safe as my Power, my Word, or Vow can make you : Enter that Door, which leads you to a Closet ; should the Officers come, as you expect, they owe such Reverence to my Lodgings, they'll search no farther than my Leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, Madam, you can persuade 'em ?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you ; away !

Clo. The Breath of Gods, and Eloquence of Angels, go along with you.
(*Exit.*)

Elv. Alas, who knows but that the Charity I afford this Stranger, perhaps, my Brother elsewhere may stand in Need of. How he trembles ! I hear his Breath come short hither. Be of Comfort, Sir, once more I give you my solemn Promise for your Safety.

Enter Servants and Officers, with Don Duart's Body.

Ser. Here bring in the Body — O ! Madam, my Master's kill'd.

Elv. What say'st thou ?

Ser. Your Brother, Madam, my Master young *Don Duart*'s dead; he just now quarrell'd with a Gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the Street.

Elv. Ah me!

1st Off. We are inform'd, Madam, that the Murderer was seen to enter this House, which made us press into it to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Ser. Help, Ho, my Lady faints.

1st Off. Give her Air, she'll recover. (*Clodio peeps in.*)

Clo. Hay! ——— why, what the Devil! am I safer than I would be, now? ——— Exactly ——— I have nick'd the House to an Hair ——— Just so I did at *Paris* too, when I took a Lodging at a Bailiffs that had three Writs against me ——— This damn'd Closet too has ne'er a Chimney to creep out at ——— Ah! poor *Clody*! wou'd thou wert fairly in a Storm at Sea again, for I am plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd.

(*Retires.*)

Elv. Stand off, my Sorrows will have Way; O my unhappy Brother! such an End as this thy haughty Mind long since did prophesy! and to encrease my Misery, thy wretched Sister wilfully must make a Breach of what she has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd: Revenge and Justice both stand knocking at my Heart, but hospitable Faith has barr'd their Entrance; if I should give 'em Way, I am forsworn; if not, am impious to a Brother's Memory. Is there no Means? no middle Path of Safety left? must I protect my Brother's Murderer? or break a solemn Vow, on which another's Life depends?

Enter Governor and Servants.

Gov. Where's this unhappy Sight? ——— Alas! he's gone past all Recovery. Reproof now comes too late.

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter Evil of the two, and keep the solemn Vow to which just Heaven was Witness: The Wounds of Perjury never can be cur'd, but Justice may again o'ertake the Murderer, when no rash Vows protect him.

Gov. Take Comfort, Niece.

Elv. O forbear, search for the Murderer, and remove the Body at your Discretion, Sir, to be interr'd while I
shut

shut out th' offensive Day, and here in Solitude indulge my Sorrow; therefore I beg my nearest Friends, and you, my Lord, for some few Days, to spare your charitable Visits.

Gov. I grieve for your Misfortune, Niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our Leaves, farewell — Bring forth the Body. *(Exit.)*

Clo. Hay! what, are they gone away without me? and by her Contrivance too, — Gadso!

Elv. Who e'er thou art, to whom I've given means of Life, to let thee see with what Religion I have kept my Vow, come fearless forth, while Night's thy Friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not Love, the Devil's in't. *(Aside.)*

Elv. Fly with thy utmost Speed, where I may never see thee more.

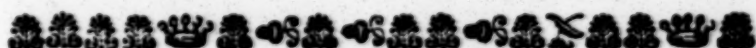
Clo. That's her Modesty. *(Aside.)*

Elv. And let that charitable Faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy Crime by Penitence.

Clo. Poor Soul, I may find a better Way to thank thee for't

Elv. You are at the Door now, farewell for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what wou'd I give to see you again — All in good Time, Child —



ACT IV.

Enter Don Duart in his Night-Gown, Surgeon, and Servant.

D. Du. MAY I venture yet Abroad, Sir?

Sur. With Safety, Sir; your Wound was never dangerous; though from your great Loss of Blood, you seem'd a while without all Signs of Life.

D. Du. Sir, do you know if the Gentleman that wounded me, be in Custody?

Sur. He was never taken, Sir, not known, that I could hear of.

C 2

D. Du.

D. Du. I am sorry for't, for could I find him, which now shall be my earnest Care, I would with real Services acknowledge him my best of Friends, in having prov'd so fortunate an Enemy; he has bestow'd on me a second Life, which, from a clearer Insight of my self, will teach me now to use it better too. How does my Sister seem to bear my Fortune?

Ser. I never knew the Loss of any Friend lamented with more Sorrow she suffers none to visit her, nor is she yet acquainted with your Recovery.

D. Du. I would not have her yet, nor any of my Friends, no Moisture sooner dries, than Womens Tears; and tho' I'm apt to think my Sister honest in her Sorrow, yet knowing her a Woman, still I am resolv'd to make a farther Tryal of her Virtue.

Ser. Sir, you may command my Secrecy.

D. Du. I thank you, Sir, 'twill oblige me— Boy !!

Ser. Sir.

D. Du. Do you think you know again the Gentleman that fought me?

Ser. I believe I may, Sir.

D. Du. I'd have you suddenly enquire him out; he seem'd, by his Deport, of *France*, or *England*, if so, you'll probably find him in some lewd House or other.

Ser. Rather at Church, Sir; for no Body will suspect him there.

D. Du. Seek him every where: Come, Sir, I wait on you. (Exit.)

The SCENE changes to Louisa's House.

Don Manuel and Angelina.

D. Ma. Now, Madam, let my hard Fortune teach you a little to endure your own. You see with what severe Neglect she still receives my humble Love; nothing I say, or do, has any Weight or Motion in her Thoughts for me.

Ang. You are too diffident of your Fortune; I would not have an honest Mind despair; she seem'd indeed, a little careless of you—you gave her no offence, I'm confident. See, here she comes; take Heed how you displease her by an impatient Stay ——— Pray go, in the mean Time I'll think of you——indeed I will.

D. Ma.

D. Ma. I am yours for ever——(*Excunt severally.*)

Enter Louisa and Jaques, Servants waiting.

Lou. Were they both seiz'd?

Jaq. Both, Madam, and will be here immediately;
I ran before, to give your Ladyship Notice.

Lou. You know my Orders; when they are enter'd,
bar all the Doors, and on your Lives, let every one be
mute, as I directed you——I must retire a While.

(*Excunt.*)

*Enter Bravoes, who let Carlos out of the Chair, while
others throw down Don Lewis gagg'd and bound..*

Car. So, Gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you—
but now pray let me know my Crime? why have you
brought me hither? where am I? if in Prison, look in
my Face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.
(*Jaques holds up his Lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.*)
You seem to know me, Sir,——All dumb, and va-
nish'd; my Fortune's humorous, she sports with me.

D. Lewis. Aw! Aw!

Car. What's here! a Fellow Prisoner! Who are you?

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. Do you speak no other Language?

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw!

(*Louder.*)

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. Lew. Oh!

(*Sighing.*)

Car. Poor Wretch! I am afraid he wou'd speak if
he cou'd.

*Re-enter Jaques and Servants, with Lights, who release
Don Lewis.*

Sure they think I walk in my Sleep, and won't speak,
for fear of waking me.

D. Lew. Sir, your most humble Servant; and now
my Tongue's at Liberty, pray will you do me the Fa-
vour to shew me the Way Home again!

What a Pox, are you all dumb!——(*Excunt mute.*)

Well, Sir, and pray what are——*Charles!* ah! my
dear Boy!

(*Kisses him.*)

Car. My Uncle! nay then, my Fortune has not quite
s forsaken me! How came you hither, Sir?

D. Lew. Faith. like a Corps into Church, Boy,
with my Heels foremost; but Prithee how didst thou
come?

Car. You saw the Men that seiz'd us, they forc'd me into a Chair, and brought me.

D. Lew. Well, but a Pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we must wait their Pleasure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my Reason, not my Conscience, that's still at rest, fearless of any Danger.

D. Lew. The Sons of Whores won't speak neither: Hey Day! what's to be done now?

Enter Jaques, and Servants, with a Banquet, Wine, and Lights.

Car. More Riddles yet! I dream sure.

(Jaques compliments D. Lewis to take his Chair.

D. Lew. For me? Sir, your most humble Servant:

(Sits.) Charles! sit down, down, Boy.

Ha! ha! ha! a Parcel of silly dumb Dogs! is this all the Business? Puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to Supper, without being brought Neck and Heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. Lew. Never trouble thy Head, prithee; Pox of Questions; fall to, Man——Delicate Food truly——Here——Dumb! Prithee give's a Glass of Wine, to wet the Way a little? Come, *Charles*, here's, here's——honest Dumb's Health to thee: *(drinks)* Dumb's a very honest Fellow, Faith. *(Claps Jaques on the Head.*

Car. What Harmony's this? *(A Flourish.*

D. Lew. Rare Musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.

(Music &c. &c.)

Mighty fine, truly——I have not made an heartier Meal a great while.

(Here Jaques offers a Night-Gown and Cap to D. Lew. Well, and what's to do now, Lad? for me, Boy? Odso! we lie here, do we?——mighty well, that again, Faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a Lodging :) Nay I always said honest Dumb knew how to make his Friends welcome——Well, but it's Time enough yet, shan't we crack a Bottle first? *Charles* is melancholy.

(Jaques shakes his Head.

What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carry'd——Sir, your humble Servant: *(Puts on the*

the Gown.) Well, *Charles*, good, Night, since they won't let me have a Mind to stay any longer! I'd give a Pistole tho', to know what this will come to! Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in Amazement—Why am I busy'd thus in Trifles, having so many nearer Thoughts that wound my Peace——Ha, more Musick! I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

(*A SONG here; which ended, D. Lewis appears above.*)

D. Lew. So! at last I have grop'd out a Window, that will let me into the Secret: Now, if any foul Play should happen, I am pretty near the Street too, and can baul out Murder to the Watch——

But Mum! the Door opens?

Enter Louisa.

Hay! ah! what dull Rogues were we, not to suspect this before! ——— Dumb's a sly Dog; 'tis she, Faith ———tum, dum, dum——— here will be fine Work presently, toll, dum, di, dum———Now I shall see what Mettle my Boy's made of, tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amaz'd, Sir.

Car. Your Pardon, Lady, if I confess it raises much my Wonder, why a Stranger, friendless, and unknown, shou'd meet, unmerited, such Floods of Courtesy? for, if I mistake not, once this Day before, I've tasted of your Bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, Sir.

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me only from a soft Compassion of my Fortune, you cou'd not think but such Humanity might on the slightest Hint have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I cou'd not trust you to my Fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you—beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor Thanks were offer'd in too plain a Dress, (as I confess, I'm little practis'd in the Rules of grac'd Behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fye! you are too modest—— how cou'd you charge your self with such a Thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your Nature to be rude—— at least to our Sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other Side; for there may happen Times, when that the World calls Rudeness, a Woman might be brought to Pardon: Seasons, when even Modesty were Ignorance—— Pray be seated, Sir,—— nay, I'll have it so—— I say, sometimes too much Respect (pray be nearer, Sir) were most offensive: Suppose a Woman were reduc'd to offer Love, her Pains of Shame are insupportable; and shou'd she call that Lover rude, who, kindly conscious of her Wishes, bravely resolves to take, and saves her Modesty the Guilt of giving? Suppose your self the Man so lov'd, where cou'd you find, at such a Time, Excuses for your Modesty?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my Eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I shou'd not easily believe; at least, in Manners wou'd not seem to understand her.

Lou. Alas! you have too poor a Sense of Woman's Love, Think you we have no Invention? you wou'd not understand her, how wou'd you avoid it? when ev'n her slightest Look wou'd speak too plain for that Excuse; if not, she'd still proceed—— Thus gently steal your Hand, and sigh, and press it to her Heart, and then look wishing in your Eyes, 'till Love himself shot forth, and wak'd you to Compassion.

Car. Amazing! can she be the Creature she describes?

Lou. O! they have such subtle Ways to steal into a Lover's Heart; nay, if she's resolute, not all your Strength of Modesty can guard you; she'll press you still with plainer, stronger Proofs; her life, her Fortune shou'd be yours: For where a Woman loves, such Gifts as these are Trifles; thus like the lazy Minutes wou'd she steal 'em on; which once but past, are quite forgotten.

(Gives him Jewels.)

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a Woman?

Lou.

Lou. Fye! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not sure be thought so slow of Apprehension!

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain——I cannot speak it——yet you must know——but tell me, must I needs blush to own a Passion that's so tender of you? I am this Creature so reduc'd for you, and all you've seen supposed was natural, all but the soft result of growing Love——Why are you still thus fix'd, and silent? what is't you fear?

Car. Monstrous!

(Aside and Rising.)

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your Beauty, tho' I confess you fair to a Perfection, compleat in all that may engage the Eye: But when that Beauty fades, (as Time leaves none unvisited) what Charm shall then secure my Love? Your Riches? no—an honest Mind's above the Bribes of Fortune: For tho' distress'd, a Stranger, and in Want, I thus return 'em thankless: Be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good Men will adore you, and when your Beauty and your Fortune are no more, will still deliver down your Name rever'd to Ages: But while you thus enslave your generous Reason to so intemperate a Folly, your very Nature seems inverted: Cou'd you but one Moment calmly lay it by, you'd find such a vile Indignity to your Sex, as Modesty could never pardon.

Lou. If I appear too free a Lover, and talk beyond the usual Courage of my Sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful softning Wretch, that you'd have me: My Wishes shall be dumb, unless my Eyes may speak 'em; or if I dare to touch your Hand, it shall be gently trembling, and unperceiv'd as Air; nay, fix'd, and silent as your Shade, I'll watch whole Winter Nights content, and listening to your Slumbers: Is this Intemperance? for pity speak, for I confess your hard Reproofs have struck upon my Heart! O! say you will be mine, and make your own Conditions. If you suspect my Temper, bind me by the most sacred Tye, and let my Love, my Person, and my Fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed; consider yet, if ev'n this Humility be not the Offspring of your first unruly Passion: But since at least it carries something a better Claim to my Concern I'll be at once sincere, and tell you 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in Love.

Lou. Impossible! O! why?

Car. Because my Love, my Vows, and Faith, are given to another: Therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my Fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you!

Car. You must; I cannot with my Reason—pray let me pass! Why do you thus hang upon my Arm, and strain your Eyes, as if they had Power to hold me?

Lou. Ungrateful! Will you go? Take Heed! for you have prov'd I am not Mistress of my Temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this Threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force my self away.

(Exit Carlos.)

Lou. O Torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I thrown off my Pride for this? O! insupportable—If I am not reveng'd, may all the—Well.

(Walks disorder'd.)

D. Lew. What a Pox, are all these fine Things come to nothing then?—Poor Soul! she is in a great Heat truly—Ah! silly Rogue!—now could I find in my heart to put her into good Humour again—I have a great Mind, Faith—Odd! she's a hummer.—A strange Mind, I han't had such a Mind a great while—Hay!—aye! I'll do't Faith—if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! *(As he is getting from the Balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.)*

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the Stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now hastily walking about the Gallery.

Lou. Are all the Doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd, Madam.

Lou.

Lou. Put out all the Lights too, and on your Lives let no one ask or answer him to any Question: But be you still near to observe him.

(*Exit Jaques:*

Ah!

(*Don Lewis Drops down.*

D. Lew. Odso! my Back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above fifty, Madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your Business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest Dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, Sir? I have no Time to fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, Sir, who! what is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate Piece of Work truly, but not finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, Sir.

D. Lew. I say, don't you be modest; for there are Times, do you see, when ev'n Modesty is Ignorance (pray be seated, Madam—nay, I'll have it so) ah!

(*Sits down, and mimicks her Behaviour to Carlos.*

Lou. Confusion! have I expos'd my self to this Wretch too! had Witnesses of my Folly—nay, I deserve it.

(*Stands mute.*

D. Lew. So! so! I shall bring her to Terms presently—you have a World of pretty Jewels here, Madam—aye, these now—these are a Couple of fine large Stones truly; but where a Woman loves, such Gifts as these are Trifles.

(*Mimicks again.*

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter Servants and Bravoes.

D. Lew. Hay!

(*Rising.*

Ser. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

D. Lew. I don't like her Looks, Faith.

(*Afide.*

Lou. Here, take this Fool, let him be gag'd, ty'd Neck and Heels, and lock'd into a Garret; away with him.

D. Lew.

60 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

D. *Lou.* Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! stand by me Dumb! A Pox of my finishing, Aw! aw!

(They gagg him, and carry him off.)

Lou. The Insolence of this Fool was more provoking, than the others Scorn, but I shall yet find Ways to measure my Revenge.

(Exit Louisa.)

Re-enter Carlos in the Dark.

Car. What can this evil Woman mean me? the Doors all barr'd! the Lights put out! the Servants mute, and she with Fury in her Eyes now shot regardless by me: I wou'd the worst wou'd shew it self. Ha! yonder's a Light, I'll follow it, and provoke my Fortune.

(Exit.)

The SCENE changes to another Room.

Angelina with a Light.

Ang. I cannot like this House; for now, as going to my Rest, my Ears were 'larum'd with the Cries of one that call'd for Help: I've seen strange Faces too, that carry Guilt and Terror in their Looks; and yet the Officer that plac'd me here, appear'd of honest Thoughts—— What can this mean? No Matter what, since nothing, but the Loss of him I love, can worse befall me!—— Hark, what Noise! is the Door fast? Ah!

(going to shut it.)

Re-enter Carlos, and Jaques listening.

Car. Ha! another Lady! and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her Surprise, she is not of the other's Counsel—— Pardon this Intrusion, Lady I am a Stranger, and distress'd, be not dismay'd; I have no ill Designs, unless to beg your charitable Assistance be offensive.

Ang. Ha! that Voice!

(Amaz'd!)

Car. Save me, ye Powers! and give me Strength to bear this insupportable Surprise of rushing Joy.

Ang. My Carlos——oh!

Car. 'Tis she! my long lost Love, my living Angelina.

(Embraces her.)

Jaq.

Jaq. Say you so, Sir! this shall to my Lady.

(Exit Jaques.)

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, lest Fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twas Death indeed to part; but from so hard a Separation, thus again to meet, is Life restor'd; it draws whole Years to Hours, and we grow old with Joy in Moments.

Ang. O! I were happy, blest'd above my Sex, cou'd but my plain Simplicity of Love deserve your kind Endearments,

Car. Is't possible! thou Miracle of Goodness, that thou canst thus forget the Misery, the Want, the Ruin my unhappy Love has brought thee too? Trust me, that stormy Thought has clouded ev'n the very Joy I had to see thee.

Enter Jaques and Louisa at a Distance.

Jaq. There they are; from hence your Ladyship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me.

(Exit Jaques, and Lou. listens.)

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: For my Sake don't despond; for while you seem in Hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. O! thou engaging Softness! thy Courage has reviv'd me; no, we'll not despair; the Guardian Power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now with less Expence of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! so near acquainted! —

(Behind.)

Car. And yet our Safety bid us part this Moment: How came you hither?

Ang. The Officer that made me Captive, prov'd a worthy Man, and plac'd me here as a Companion to the Lady of this Dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what End?

Ang. He said, to be the Advocate of his successful Love; for he confess'd he woo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't possible? Is there a Wretch so curs'd among Mankind, to be her honourable Lover.

Lou.

Lou. So.

(*In Anger*)

Car. Take Heed, my Love, avoid her as a Disease to Modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. Oh! I have such a shameful Tale to tell thee of her Intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy Loathing.

Lou. Insolent! — well.

Ang. You amaze me; pray what was it?

Car. This is no Time to tell; I had forgot my Danger: Let it suffice, the Doors are barr'd against me; now, this Moment I am a Prisoner to her Fury; if thou canst help me to any Means of Safety, or Escape, ask me no Questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my Apartment, leads a Passage to the Garden, at the lower End you'll find a Mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you: But can't you say when I may hope again to see you.

Car. About an Hour hence be walking in the Garden, ready for your Escape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure — Now I dare thank thee, Fortune.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me; 'till when, may Heav'n support thy Innocence,

Ang. Follow me --

(*Exeunt hastily.*)

Lou. Are you so nimble, Sir? who waits there? (*Enter Jaques*) Run, take Help, and stop the Stranger; he is now making his Escape through the Garden; fly (*Exit Jaques*) Love and Revenge, like Vipers gnaw upon my Quiet, and I must change their Food, or leave my Being; though I cou'd bear ev'n the low Contempt he has thrown on me, could it but woo him to the least Return of Love; but I wou'd bear again ten thousand Racks, rather than confess this Dotage; No, if I forego a second Time that dear Support, my Pride, may I become as miserable as that Wretch that destin'd Fool he doars on. Ha! she is return'd! yonder she passes; with what assur'd Contentment

ment in her Looks! —how pleas'd the Thing is —strangely impudent—sure the ugly Creature thinks I won't strangle her.

Now have you brought him?

(Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, we made what Haste we cou'd, but the Gentleman reach'd the Mount before us, and escap'd over the Garden Wall.

Lou. Escap'd, Villain! durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your Ladyship had call'd a little sooner, we had taken him.

Who the Devil is this Stranger?

(*Aside.*

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own Servants—Well 'tis no Matter, bid the Bravoes stay, I have Directions for 'em; go.

(Exit Jaques.

He has not left me hopeless yet; an Hour hence he has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his Word, (as I've an odious Cause to fear he will) he yet at least in my Revenge shall prove me Woman,

[Exit Lou.

S C E N E the Street.

Enter D. Duart disguis'd with a Servant.

D. Du. Where did you find him?

Ser. Hard by, Sir, at an House of civil Recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I wou'd not willingly mistake—I'll observe him.

Clo So! now if I can but pick up an honest Fellow, to crack one healing Bottle, I think I shall finish the Day as smartly as the *Grand Signior*—Hold, let me see, what has my hasty Refreshment cost me here?—umb—umb—umb—umb (*Counts his Money*) seven Pistoles, by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy Income this Jade must have in a Week, if she's thus paid by the Hour?

D. Du. 'Tis the fame; leave me.

(Exit Servant.

Your Servant, Sir.

Clo;—Sir—your humble Servant.

D. Du.

D. Du. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Sir; but when you know my Business —

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a Bottle, I shall be proud of your Acquaintance; and if I don't do your Business before we part, I'll knock under the Table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to't.

Clo. Why then, Sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a Bottle here, Sir, Hay Madona —
(*Calis at the Door.*)

D. Du. A very frank humour'd Gentleman, I'll know him farther — I presume, Sir, you are not of Portugal?

Clo. No, Sir, — I am a kind of a — what d'ye callum — a Sort of a Hero — and — therein; I am a Stranger no where.

D. Du. Have you travell'd far, Sir?

Clo. My Tour of Europe, or so, Sir — dangled about a little; I came this Summer from the Jubilee.

D. Du. Did you make any Stay there, Sir?

Clo. No, Sir, I only call'd in there at the Salvation Office, just brought an Annuity of Indulgences for Life; got an Insurance for my Soul; lay with a Nun, flux'd; and so came Home again.

Enter Servants with Wine.

So! so! here's the Wine! Come! Sir, to your better Acquaintance — Faith I like you mightily — *Allons! mon Cher Baise donc!*

(*Kisses, drinks.*)

Morbleu! cest du Bon Vin! Allons encore bey! Vive L'amour! Quand Iris, &c.

(*Sings.*)

D. Du. I find, Sir, you have taken a Taste of all the Countries you have travell'd through; but I presume, your chief Amusement has lain among the Ladies: You far'd well in France, I hope.

Clo. Yes Faith, as far as my Pocket wou'd go: But the Devil a Stroke without it: No Money, no Mademoiselle: No Ducate, no Dutcheffs; no Pistole, no Princesses — By the Way, let me tell you, Sir, your *Lisbonites* are held up at a pretty smart Rate too — I was forc'd to come down.

down to the Tune of seven Pistoles here — A Man may keep a Pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride Post, split me : But, a Pox on 'em, it's no Wonder the Jades are so saucy in a Country where there are so many Swarms of unmarried Fryars, Monks and brawny Jesuits : The Game may well be scarce, Faith, where there are so many canonical Poachers. Now, Sir in *England*, where your Gowns and Cassocks are honestly marry'd, the right Women are as cheap as *Mackerel*—Gad, Sir, I have taken you a fasting Velvet Scarf out of the Side-Box there, and the Jade has jump'd at a Beef-stake and a Bottle; nay, sometimes at Coach-hire, and a single Glass of Cinamon—Seven Pistoles ! unconscionable ! Odsheart, in *London* now, for half the Sum, a Man might have pickt up the three first Rows of the Middle Gallery.

D. Du. I find, Sir, you know, *England* then.

Clo. Aye, Sir, and every Woman there that's worth knowing, from honest *Betty Sands*, to the Countess of *Oglethorpe*: Yes, Sir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the Side-box, Sir, and behind the Scenes; aye, and the Green Room, and all the Girls and Women-Actresses there, Sir——Sir, I was a whole Winter there the particular Favourite of the giggling Party —— Come, Sir, if you please, here's Miss *Riggle*'s Health to you.

D. Du. Pray, Sir, how came you so well acquainted there ?

Clo. Why, Sir, I first introduc'd my self with a single Pinch of *Bergamot*, the next Night I presented 'em a Box full; next Day came to Rehearsal; in a Week I desir'd 'em to use my Name whenever they pleas'd, for what the Chocolate-House afforded,——upon this, I was chosen *Valentine*, if I don't mistake, to above eleven of 'em; and in three Days more, I think, it cost me fifty Guineas in Gloves, Knots, Heads, Fans, Muffs, Coffee, Tea, Snuff-boxes, Orangerie, and Chocolate

D. Du. But pray Sir, were you as intimate at both Play-houses.

Clo.

Cl. No, stretch 'em! at the New House they are so us'd to be Queens and Princeesses, and are so often in their Airs-Royal, forsooth, that I gad! there's no reaching one of their Copper tails there, without a long Pole, or a Settlement; split me.

D. But I wonder, Sir, that in a Country so fam'd for handsome Women, the Men are so generally blam'd for their scandalous Usage of 'em.

Cl. O! damn'd scandalous, Sir, — they use their Mistresses as bad as their Wives, Faith: I tell you what, Sir, I know a Citizen's Daughter there, that ran away with a Lord, who in the first six Months of her Preferment, never stirr'd out, but she made the Ladies cry at her Equipage; and about eight Months after, I think, one Morning reeling pret y early into a certain House in the *Savoy*, I found the self same, cast off, solitary Lady, in a Room with bare Walls, dressing her dear pretty Head there, in the corner Bit of a Looking glass, prudently supported by a Quartern Brandy Pot, upon the Head of an Oyfter-barrel.

D. I find few Mistresses make their Fortune there; but pray, Sir, among all your Adventures, has no particular Lady's Merit encourag'd you to advance your own by Marriage?

Cl. Sir, I have been so near Marriage, that my Wedding-Day has been come, but it never was over yet; split me.

D. How so, Sir?

Cl. Why, the Priest, the Bride, and the Dinner, were all ready dress'd, Faith; but before I cou'd fall to, my elder Brother, Sir, comes in with a damn'd long Stride, and a short Stomach — said a short Grace, and — — whipp'd her up like an Oyfter.

D. You had ill Fortune, Sir.

Cl. Sir, Fortune is not much in my Debt, for you must know, Sir, tho' I lost my Wife, I have 'scap'd hanging since here in *Lisbon*.

D. That I know you have; be not amaz'd, Sir.

Cl.

Clo. Hay! what the Devil! I have been all this while treating an Officer, that has a Warrant against me — Pray, Sir, if it be no Offence — may I beg the Favour to know who you are?

D. Du. Let it suffice I own my self your Friend — I am your Debtor, Sir; you fought a Gentleman they call'd *Don Duart* — I knew him well; he was a proud insulting Fellow, and my mortal Foe; but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the Action, I desire you will command my Sword or Fortune.

Clo. Pray, Sir — is there no Joke in all this?

D. Du. There, Sir; the little All I'm Master of, may serve at present to convince you of my Sincerity: I ask for no Return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther Service.

(Gives him a Purse.)

Clo. Sir, your Health — I'll give you Information presently. *(Drinks.)* Pray, Sir, do you know the Gentleman's Sister that I fought with? that is, do you know what Reputation, what Fortune she has?

D. Du. I know her Fortune to be worth above twelve thousand Pistoles; her Reputation yet unfully'd: But pray, Sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, Sir, — twelve thousand Pistoles, you say!

D. Du. I speak the least, Sir.

Clo. Why, this very Lady, after I had kill'd her Brother, gave me the Protection of her House; hid me in her Closet, while the Officers that brought in the dead Body, came to search for me, and, as soon as their Backs were turn'd, poor Soul! hurry'd me out at a private Door, with Tears in her Eyes. Faith! Now Sir, what think you? Is not this Hint broad enough for a Man to make Love upon?

D. Du. Confusion!

Clo. Look you, Sir, now, if you dare, give me a Proof of your Friendship; will you do me the Favour to carry me a Letter to her?

D. Du.

68 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

D. Du. Let me consider, Sir — Death and Fire ! is all her Height of Sorrow but dissembled then ? — A Prostitute, ev'n to the Man suppos'd my Murderer ! If it be true, the Consequence is soon resolv'd — but this requires my farther Search — May I depend on this for Truth, Sir ?

Clo. Why, Sir, you don't suppose I'd banter a Lady of her Quality ?

D. Du. Damnation ! Well, Sir ! I'll take your Letter, but first let me be well acquainted with my Errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this Moment, if you please, we'll step into the House here. and finish the Business over another Bottle.

D. Du. With all my Heart. !

Clo. Allons ! Entres.

(*Exeunt.*)



A C T V.

Elvira is discover'd alone in Mourning, a Lamp by her.

Don Duart, enters behind disguis'd.

D. Du. **T**HUS far I am pass'd unknown to any of the Servants — now for the Proof of what I fear — Ha ! yonder she is — This close Retirement, those sable Colours, the solemn Silence that attends her. no Friends admitted, nor ev'n the Day to visit her : These seem to speak a real Sorrow ; if not, the Counterfeit is deep indeed — I'll fathom it. — — Madam —

Elv. Who's there ? another Murderer ; where are my Servants ? will nothing but my Sorrow wait upon me ?

D. Du. Your Pardon, Lady ; I have no evil Meaning ; this Letter will inform you of my Business, and excuse this rude Intrusion.

Elv. For me ! whence comes it, Sir ?

D. Du.

D. Du. The Contents, Madam, will explain to you ——— She seems amaz'd ! looks almost thro' the Letter ——— I should suspect this Stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such convincing Circumstances ——— Ha ! she pauses ! S'death a Smile too ! ——— I fear her now !

Elv. My Prayers are heard : Justice at length has overta'en the Murderer ! His vow'd Protection having been strictly pay'd, I now unperjur'd may revenge my Brother's Blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair Occasion : But 'twere not safe to shew my Thought ; therefore, to be just, I must dissemble.

(*Aside.*)
I ask your Pardon for my Rudeness, Sir ; upon your Friend's Account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better Welcome.

D. Du. So ! then she is damn'd, I find (*Aside.*) But I'll have more, and bring 'em Face to Face. My Friend, Madam, thought his Visits would be unseasonable, before the sad Solemnity of your Brother's Funeral.

Elv. A needless Fear ! My Brother, Sir ! Alas, I owe your Friend my Thanks, for having eas'd our Family of so scandalous a Burthen ! A riotous unmanner'd Fellow ; I blush to speak of him.

D. Du. O ! Patience ! Patience !

(*Aside.*)
Elv. Pray let him know, his Absence was the real Cause of this mistaken Mourning : 'Tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my Brother's Death ; but Womens Hearts and Tongues, you know, must not always hold Alliance ; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her ?

(*Aside.*)
Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine—to Morrow ! 'tis an Age ! I'll make him mine to Night — I'll write to him this Minute — Can, you have Patience, Sir, 'till I prepare a Letter for you ?

D. Du. You may command me, Madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately — will you walk this Way, Sir ?

D. Du.

D. Du. Madam, I wait on you—Revenge and Daggers!

(*Exeunt.*)

The SCENE Louisa's House.

Louisa and Jaques.

Lou. Is the Lady seiz'd?

Jaq. Yes, Madam, and half dead of the Fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: When the Stranger's taken, bring me immediate Notice; 'tis near his Time, away.

(*Exit Jaques.*)

Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this Usage, sat down alone content, and found a secret Pleasure in complaining; but to be slighted for a Girl, a sickly, poor, unthinking Wretch, incapable of Love! that! that stabs home! 'Tis Poyson to my Thoughts, and swells 'em to Revenge! my Rival! no! she shall never triumph! Hark! what Noise! they have him sure! but now!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the Gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in—Revenge, I thank thee now.

Enter Bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.

So, Sir! you are return'd, it seems; you can love then! You have an Heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier Mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your Love—I'll help your Search: If she be here, be sure she's safe!—Open that Door there.

Enter more Bravoes with Angelina, an Handkerchief on her Neck, which they hold ready to strangle her

Now, Sir, is this the Lady.

Car. My Angelina! O!

Ang. O miserable Meeting!

Lou. Now let me see you smile and rudely throw me from your Arms! now scorn my Love! my Person, and my Fortune! now let your squeamish Virtue fly me as a Disease to Modesty! and tell her now your shameful Tale of my Intemperance!

Car. O! Cruelty of Fate! that could betray such Innocence!

Lou.

Lou. What, not a Word to soften yet thy obstinate Aversion? thou wretched Fool. thus to provoke thy Ruin — End her.

(To the Bravos.)

Car. O! hold! for Pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to use my Pity — S'Death! I cou'd laugh to see thy strange Stupidity of Love — on one Condition yet she lives an Hour; but if refus'd —

Car. Name not a Refusal, be it or Danger, Death, or Tortures, any Thing that Life can do to save her.

Lou. Nay, if you are so over-willing.

Car. Speak, and I obey you.

Lou. Now then, this Moment kneel and curse her.

Car. Preserve her, Heav'n, and snatch her from the Jaws of gaping Danger. (kneeling) O! may the watchful Eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er Innocence distress'd, look nearly to her; or if some Miracle alone can save her, the ever waking Sun, in his eternal Progress, never saw so fair an Object to employ it on.

Lou. Presuming Fool; were I inclin'd to save her Life, (which, by my Hopes of Peace, I do not mean) canst thou believe this insolent Concern for her to my Face, would not provoke my Vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my Rashness, I was to blame indeed; but Passion has transported both of us; Love made me as heedless of her Safety, as wild Revenge has you, ev'n of your neglected Soul.

Lou. What dost thou think to preach me from my Purpose?

Car. That were too vain an Hope; tho' I've a piteous Cause that might bespeak, without a Tongue, the Mercy of an human Heart: But if Revenge alone can sate your Fury, at least misplace it not; mine was th' Offence, be mine the Punishment; but spare that innocent, that gentle Maid; she ne'er intended yet a thought against your Peace; I have deserv'd your anger, nay, and justly too; for, I confess, I ought to have given you a milder Treatment; but, to atone the Crime, rip up my Breast, and in my Heart you'll read the unhappy Cause of my Neglect and Rudeness.

Lou.

Lou. How he disarms my Anger ! But, must my Rival triumph then ?

Ang. Charge me not with such abhorr'd Ingratitude ; be Witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my Preserver !

Car. For Pity, yet resolve, and force your Temper to a Moment's Pause : Do not debase your generous Revenge with Cruelty ; that every common wretch can take ; the savage Brutes can suck their Fellow-Creatures Blood, and tear their Bodies down ; but greater human Souls have more of Pride to curb, and bow the stubborn Mind of what they hate ; and such Revenge, the nobler, far, I offer now to you ; see at your Feet my humbled Scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile Slave, that falls below your last Contempt, and trembling begs for Mercy.

Lou. He buries my Revenge in Blushes.

Ang. O ! generous Proof of the most faithful Love !

Car. Think what a glorious Triumph it would be, that when your sworn Resentment, wild Revenge, and Indignation, all stood ready, waiting for the Word, you call'd your forceful Reason to your Aid, resolv'd, and took that tyrant Passion Captive to your gentle Pity ; O ! 'twere such a God-like Instance of your Virtue, as might atone, if possible, ev'n Crimes to come : Revenge, like this, can never give you that continu'd Peace of Mind, which Mercy may : Compassion has a thousand secret Charms : Think you 'twere no Delight of Thought, to heal the Wounds of bleeding Lovers, to make two poor afflicted Wretches happy, whose highest Crime is loving well and faithfully ? Were it no soothing Joy, no secret Pride, to raise 'em from the last Despair, to Hope ? to Life and Love restor'd ? Now, on my Heart, I read a struggling Pity in your Eye ! O cherish it, and spare our Innocence ! Perhaps, the Story of our chaste Affections, once compleat, may live a fair Example to succeeding Times, for which Posterity shall stand indebted to your Virtue.

Lou. Release the Lady—go.

(*Exeunt Bravoes.*
And

And now farewell my Follies, and my mistaken Love; for I confess, the fair Example of your mutual Faith, your Tenderneſs, Humility, and Tears, have quite ſubdu'd my Soul; at once have conquer'd, and reform'd me; O! you have given me ſuch an Image of the contentful Peace, th' unſhaken quiet of an honeſt Mind, that now I taſte more ſolid Joy, being but the Inſtrument of your united virtuous Love, than all my late falſe Hopes propos'd, ev'n in the laſt Indulgence of blind Deſire: Now love long and happily; forgive my Follies paſt, and you have over paid me.

(Joins their Hands.)

Car. O providential Care of innocence diſtreſs'd!

Ang. O! Miracle of rewarded Love!

Car. What ſhall I ſay? I ſcarce have yet the Power of Thought amidſt this Hurry of tranſporting Joy! My *Angelina*! do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have a thouſand Things to ſay, to aſk, to weep, and hear of thee; — But firſt let's kneel and pay our Thanks to Heaven, and this our kind Preſerver; to whoſe moſt happy Change, we owe ev'n all of our Lives to come, which cheerful Gratitude can pay.

Lou. Nay, now give me a Confuſion. *(Raiſes 'em.)* But if you dare truſt me with the Story of your Love's Diſtreſs, far as my Fortune can command it freely, to ſupply your preſent Wants, or any future Means propos'd, to give you laſting Happineſs.

Car. Eternal Rounds of never ending Peace reward your wond'rous Bounty; and when you know the Story of our Fortune, as we ſhall ſoon find due Occaſion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deſerve your Pity and Aſſiſtance — But I have been too buſy in my Joy, I almoſt had forgot my friendly Uncle, the ancient Gentleman that firſt came hither with me; how have you diſpos'd of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and ſafe — who waits there?

(Enter Jaques.)

Releaſe the Gentleman above, and tell him that his Friends deſire him.

(Exit Jaques.)
You'll

You'll pardon, Sir, the Treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my Folly, which, I confess, at the Time, something too far incens'd me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry where his Humour gives Offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques bowing to him.

D. Lew. Prithee honest Dumb, don't be so ceremonious! A Pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my Jaws ake a little :) But as long as we're all Friends, it's no great Matter ——— My dear *Charles*! I must buss thee, Faith! ——— Madam your humble Servant ——— I beg your Pardon, d'ye see ——— you understand me.

(Exit Jaques.)

Lou. I hope we are Friends, Sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, Madam——— I am an honest old Fellow, Faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a Stranger, Uncle.

D. Lew. What my little Blossom! my Gilliflower! my Rose! my Pink! my Tulip! Faith, I must smell thee. (*Salutes Angelina.*) Odd! she's a delicate Nofegay! I must have her touz'd a little ——— *Charles*! you must gather to Night; I can stay no longer ——— Well, Faith! I am heartily joy'd to see thee, Child.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, and wish I may deserve your Love; Our Fortune once again is kind; but how it comes about———

D. Lew. Does not signifie three Pence; when Fortune pays me a Visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came——— I tell you, I am glad to see you.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your Ladyship.

Lou. At this late Hour! What can his Business be? desire his Lordship to walk in.

Enter Governour.

Gov. Pardon, Madam, this unseasonable Visit.

Lou. Your Lordship does me Honour.

Gov.

Gov. At least, I hope, my Business will excuse it: Some Strangers here below, upon their offer'd Oaths, demanded my Authority to search your House for a lost young Lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himself the Father: But the Respect I owe your Ladyship, made me refuse their Search, 'till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they—Now, Madam, your Protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concern'd! Wou'd you avoid 'em?

Car. No, we must be found; let 'em have Entrance; we have an honest Cause, and would provoke its Tryal.

Lou. Conduct the Gentleman without.

(Exit Jaques.

My Lord, I'll answer for their Honesty, and, as they are Strangers, where the Law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may command me, Madam; tho' there's no great Fear; for having heard the most that they cou'd urge against 'em, I found in their Complaints, more Spleen and Humour, than any just Appearance of a real Injury.

Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, and Clodio.

Cha. I'll have Justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, Brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand Justice.

D. Ma. That's the Lady, Sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah! that's she, my Lord, I am Witness.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Pardon, and your Blessing.

Ant. Why truly, *Charles*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the Matter: I wish you, tho' I can't join you together; for my Friend and Brother here is very obstinate, and will admit of no Satisfaction; But however, Heaven bless you, in Spite of his Teeth.

Cha. This is all Contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I say, deliver my Daughter—she is an Heiress, Sir; and to detain her, is a Rape in Law, Sir, is Death, and the Devil; and I'll have you all hang'd; therefore no more Delays, Sir; for I tell you before-hand, I am a wise Man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say you are too positive, Brother; and when you learn more Wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, Brother, this is mere malice when you know in your own Conscience I have ten Times your Understanding; for you see I'm quite of another Opinion. And so once more, my Lord, I demand Justice against that Ravisher.

Gov. Does your Daughter, Sir, complain of any Violence?

Cha. Your Lordship knows young Girls never complain when the Violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. to Charino kneeling.) Sir, you are my Father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my Affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the Bounds of Honour and of Virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste Love my Mother bore you, when she prefer'd to her mistaken Parents Choice, her being yours without a Dowry, not to bestow my Person, where those Affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that Gentleman more than a Sister ought; but here my Heart's subdu'd, ev'n to the last Compliance with my Fortune: He, Sir, has nobly woo'd, and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, Sir, be perswaded; your Daughter has made an honourable and happy Choice; this Severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cha. My Lord, I don't want Advice; I'll consider with my self, and resolve upon my own Opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, here's a Stranger without, enquires for your Lordship, and for a Gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

Clo. Hay! *Ab, mon cher' Amy!* (*Enter Don Duart disguis'd.*) Well, what News, my Dear, has she answer'd my Letter?

D. Du. There, Sir—This to your Lordship.

(*Gives him a Letter, and whispers.*)

Gov. Marry'd to Night, and to this Gentleman, say'st thou? I'm amaz'd.

D. Du. He is her Choice, my Lord.

Clo.

Clo. (*Reading the Letter*)—Um —um—Charms — irresistible — excuse — so soon — Passion — Blushes — Consent — Provision — Children — Settlement — Marriage — If this is not plain, the Devil's in't — hold, here's more, Faith —

(*Reads to himself.*)

D. Ma. How shall I requite this Goodness? (*To Louisa.*)

Lou. I owe you more than I have Leisure now to pay : Press me not too far, lest I should offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours, when long withheld, sometimes grow tasteless ; over-fasting often palls the Appetite.

D. Ma. The Appetite of Love, like mine, can never die ; it would be ever tasting and unsated.

(*They seem to talk apart.*)

Gov. 'Tis very sudden — but give my Service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Poor Soul ! I'll be with her presently ; and, Faith, since I have made my own Fortune, I'll e'en patch up my Brother's too. Hark you, my dear Dad that shou'd ha' been — This Business is all at an End — for, look you, I find your Daughter's engag'd ; and, to tell you Truth, so am I, Faith ! If my Brother has a Mind to marry her, let him ; for I shall not, split me — And now, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you will do me the Honour to grace mine and the Lady *Ekvira's* Wedding, such homely Entertainment as my poor House affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. Lew. Thy House ! ha ! ha ! well said, Puppy !

Clo. Hah ! old Testy !

Cha. What dost thou mean, Man ? (*To Clodio.*)

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, Sir ; I have myself an Invitation from the Lady's own Hand, that confirms it : I know her Fortune well, and am surpriz'd at it.

Ang. Bless'd News ! This seems a forward Step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my Lord, I have been thinking to no Purpose ; my Design is all broke to Pieces.

Ant. Come, Brother we'll mend it as well as we can ; and since that young Rogue has rudely turn'd Tail upon your Daughter, I'll fill up the Blank with *Charles's* Name, and let the rest of the Settlement stand as it was.

78 *LOVE makes a MAN; or,*

Cba. Hold, I'll first see this Wedding, and then give you my final Resolution.

Clo. Come, Ladies, if you please, my Friend will shew you.

Lou. Sir we wait upon you.

Cba. This Wedding is an odd Thing !

D. Lew. Ha ! ha ! if it should be a Lie now. (*Exeunt.*)

The SCENE changes to Elvira's Apartment.

Elvira alone, with (Clodio's Letter in her Hand)

Elv. At how severe a Price do Women purchase an unspotted Fame ! when ev'n the justest Title can't assure Possession : When we reflect upon the insolent and daily Wrongs, which Men and Scandal throw upon our Actions, 'twere enough to make a modest Mind despair : If we are fair and chaste, we are proud ; if free, we are wanton ; cold, we are cunning ; and if kind, forsaken : Nothing we do or think on, be the Motive ne'er so just or generous, but still the Malice, or the Guilt of Men, interprets to our Shame : Why should this Stranger else, this wretched Stranger, whose forfeit Life I rashly sav'd, presume, from that mistaken Charity, to tempt me with encourag'd Love ?

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Hark ! what Musick's that ?

(*A Flourish.*)

Ser. Madam, the Gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well ; are the Officers ready ?

Ser. Yes, Madam, and know your Ladyship's Orders.

Elv. Conduct the Company. Now Justice shall uncloud my Fame, and see my Brother's Death reveng'd.

Enter Hautboys playing, Clodio singing ; D. Duarte, Governor, D. Manuel, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lewis.

Clo. Well, Madam, you see I'm punctual — you've nick'd your Man, Faith ; I'm always critical—to a Minute, you'll never stay for me. Ladies and Gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the Honour of being better acquainted here——My Lord——

Gov. Give you Joy, Madam.

Clo. Nay. Madam, I have brought you some near Relations of my own too —— This *Dón Antonio*, who will shortly have the Honour to call you Daughter.

Am.

Ant. The young Rogue has made a pretty Choice, Faith.

Clo. This *Don Charino*, who was very near having the Honour of calling me Son. This my elder Brother—and this my noble Uncle, *Don Cholerick*——*Snapsborts de Testy.*

D. Lew. Puppy.

Clo. Peevish.

D. Lew. Madam, I wish you Joy with all my Heart; but truly I can't much advise you to marry this Gentleman, because, in a Day or two, you'll really find him extreamly shocking; those that know him, generally give him the Title of *Don Dismaillo Thickskullo de Halfwitto.*

Cha. Well said Nuncle; ha, ha.

D. Du. Are you provided of a Priest, Sir?

Clo. Aye, aye, Pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. Du. So wou'd I, I want the Cue to act this Justice, on my Honour; yet I cannot read the Folly in her Looks.

(*Aside.*

Gow. You have surpriz'd us, Madam, by this sudden Marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprize you more, my Lord.

D. Du. Sir, don't you think your Bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Aye, poor Fool! she's modest—but I have a Cure for that—Well, my Princess, why that demure Look now?

Elv. I was thinking, Sir—

Clo. I know what you think of—You don't think at all—You don't know what to think—You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste—You han't the right Use of one of your Senses—In short, you have it. Now, my Princess, have not I nick'd it?

Elv. I am sorry, Sir, you know so little of your self or me.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no Occasion yet—Within there——seize him,

(*Several Officers rush in, who seize Clodio, and bind him.*

D. Du.

80 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

D. Du. Ha !

Gov. What can this mean ?

Clo. Gads me ! what is my Dear in her Frolicks already ?

Elv. And now, my Lord, your Justice on that Murderer.

Gov. How ! Madam !

Clo. That Bitch, my Fortune !

D. Lew. Madam, upon my Knees, I beg you, don't carry the Jest too far, but if there be any real Hopes of his having a Halter, let's know in three Words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly Thing, but a Reprieve can save him.

(*Apart to Elv.*

Ant. Pray, Madam, who accuses him ?

Elv. His own Confession, Sir.

Cha. Of Murder, say you, Madam !

Elv. The Murder of my Brother.

Gov. Where was this Confession made ?

Elv. After the fact was done, my Lord, this Man, pursu'd by Justice, took Shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my Protection ; he seem'd indeed a Stranger, and his Complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my Brother's Death, promis'd, by a rash and solemn Vow, I wou'd conceal him : Which Vow Heaven can witness with what Distraction in my Thought I strictly kept, and paid ; but he, alas ! mistaking this my hospitable Charity, for the Effects of a vile and most preposterous Love, proceeds upon his Error, and in this Letter here addresses me for Marriage ; which, I once having paid my Vow, answer'd in such prevailing Terms, upon his Folly, as now have, unprotected, drawn him into the Hands of Justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my Revenge.

(*Aside.*

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy—the Puppy will be hang'd.

Gov. Give me Leave, Madam, to ask you yet some farther Questions.

Clo. Aye—I shall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis Time to take Care of my Daughter; for I am now convinced, that my Friend *Clody* is dispos'd of—and so, without Compliment, do you see, Children—Heav'n bless you together.

(*Joins Car. and Ang. Hands.*)

Car. This, Sir, is a Time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well, Brother, I thank you, however: *Charles* is an honest Lad, and will deserve her; but poor *Clody's* ill Fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. Lew. Why, you wou'd be positive, tho' you know, Brother, I always told you, *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd, I must plague him a little, because the Dog has been pert with me—*Clody!* how do'st thou do? Ha! why, you are ty'd!

Cl. I hate this old Fellow, split me.

D. Lew. Thou hast made a damn'd Blunder here, Child, to invite so many People to a Marriage-Knot, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left Ear.

Cl. I'd fain have him die.

D. Lew. Well, my Dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have Occasion for a Nosegay, a Pair of white Gloves, and a Coffin: Look you, take you no Care about the Surgeons, you should not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the Body off with a wet Finger.—Tho' methinks I'd fain see the Inside of the Puppy too.

Cl. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. Lew. Well, I won't trouble thee no more now, Child, if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may come to the Tree, and sing a Stave or too with thee—Nay, I'll rise on Purpose——tho' you will hardly suffer before twelve a Clock neither—aye just about twelve——about twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Cl. O! Curse consume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, Madam, the Fact appears too plain.

D. Lew. Yes, yes, he'll suffer.

(*Aside.*)

Gov. What says the Gentleman; do you confess the Fact, Sir?

Cl. Will it do me any Good, my Lord?

Gov.

82 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in Malice.

Clo. Why then, to confess the Truth, my Lord, I did pink him, and I am sorry for't; but it was none of my Fault, split me.

Elv. Now, my Lord, your Justice.

D. Du. Hold, Madam, that remains in me to give: For know, your Brother lives, and happy in the Proof of such a Sister's Virtue.

(Discovers himself.

Elv. My Brother! O! let my Wonder speak my Joy!

Clo. Hay! (Clodio and his friends seen surpriz'd.

Gov. Don Duart! living and well! how came this strange Recovery?

D. Du. My Body's Health, the Surgeon has restor'd: But here's the true Physician of my Mind's: The hot distemper'd Blood, which lately render'd me offensive to Mankind, his just resenting Sword let forth, which gave me Leisure to reflect upon my Follies past, and by Reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed an happy Change.

Gov. Release the Gentleman.

Clo. Here *Testy*, prithee do so much as untye this a little.

D. Lew. Why, so I will, Sirrah, I find thou hast done a mettled Thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my While to be shock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your Pardon for the Wrong I have done you, Sir, and blush to think how much I owe you for a Brother thus restor'd.

Clo. Madam, your very humble Servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. Du. We are indeed his Debtors both; and Sister, there's but one Way now of being grateful: For my Sake, give him such Returns of Love as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with Modesty can answer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it Impudence in me to wish my self well with your Sister, I shall beg Leave to make Use of your Friendship.

D. Du. This Modesty commends you, Sir.

Ant.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a Man of Honour ; and if the Lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make him up a Fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my Brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my Birth-right, I'm ready still to put my Words into Performance.

D. Lew. Nay then, since I find the Rogue's no longer like to be an Enemy to *Charles*, as far as a few Acres go, I'll be his Friend too.

D. Du. Sister !

Elv. This is no Trifle, Brother ; allow me a convenient Time to think, and if the Gentleman continues to deserve your Friendship, he shall not much complain I am his Enemy.

D. Lew. So ! now it will be a Wedding again, Faith.

D. Ma. And if this kind Example cou'd prevail on you--

Lou. If it cou'd not, your Merit has sufficient Power : from this Moment, I am yours for ever.

D. Ma. Which Way shall I be grateful ?

Clo. Nay then, strike up again Boys——and with the Lady's Leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a Dance à la Mode D'Angleterre. *(They dance.)*

D. Lew. So ! so ! bravely done of all Sides ; and now, *Charles*, we'll e'en toast our Noses over a chirping Bottle, and laugh at our past Fortune.

Cha. Come, my *Angelina* !

Our Bark, at length, has found a quiet Harbour,
And the distressful Voyage of our Loves,
Ends not alone in Safety, but Reward.
Now we unlade our Freight of Happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my Share's deriv'd ;
For all my former Search in deep Philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere Dream of Life :
But Love, in one soft Moment, taught me more
Than all the Volumes of the Learn'd cou'd reach ;
Gave me the Proof when Nature's Birth began,
To what great End th' ETERNAL form'd a MAN.



EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue's a Task on Authors laid,
And full as much unwillingly is paid.
Good Lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet,
Coin has been always easier rais'd, than Wit.
(I fear we'd made but very poor Campaigns,
Had Funds been levy'd from the grumbling Brains.)
Beside, to what poor Purpose should we plead,
When you have once resolv'd a Play would bleed?
But then again, a Wretch, in any Case,
Has Leave to say why Sentence shou'd not pass.
First, let your Censure from pure Judgment flow,
And mix with that, some Grains of Mercy too;
On some your Praise like wanton Lovers you bestow.
Thus have you known a Woman plainly fair,
At first scarce worth your two Days Pains or Care,
Without a Charm, but being young and new,
(You thought five Guineas far beyond her Due)
But when pursu'd by some gay leading Lover,
Then ev'ry Day her Eyes new Charms discover;
Till at the last, by Crowds of Beaus admir'd,
Sh' has rais'd her Price, to what her Heart desir'd,
New Gowns and Petticoats, which her Airs requir'd.
So Miss, and Poet too, whence once cry'd up,
Believe their Reputation at the Top;
And know, that while the liking Fit has seiz'd you,
She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.
How can you bear a Sense of Love so gross,
To let mere Fashion on your Taste impose?
Your Taste refin'd, might add to yur Delight;
Poets from you are taught to raise their Flight;
For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.

F I N I S.

